McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVIII SMETHPORT. PA., THURSDAY. OCTOBER 12, 1911 NO. 41

SIXTY-SIX BODIES RECOVERED FROM AUSTIN FLOOD.

Fourteen More Are Supposed to be in the Wreckage.

IDENTIFICATION IMPOSSIBLE NOW.

Ruins Practically Cleared Away in Austin—Work Commenced Below the Town—Relief Committees Do Excellent Work—Bayless Company Talks of Rebuilding—The Inquest Postponed.

Late reports from Austin are that 66 bodies have been recovered from the ruins of that town caused by the breaking of the Bayless Pulp & Paper company's [illegible] September 30.

[illegible] they were in life. The bodies are placed in a casket and buried as soon as possible, it being out of the question to embalm or preserve them.

There are supposed to be fourteen more bodies somewhere in the ruins and yesterday the work of clearing up the ruins was extended along the Sinnemahoning valley between Austin and Costello. Heretofore the efforts of the workmen have been centered on these points. So far has the clearing away proceeded that last night Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, commissioner of the state department of health, announced that by the first of next week the state officials will have finished their labors and the situation will then be in the hands of the Austin Re[illegible]

[illegible] taken over the [illegible] to the needy, not practically [illegible] So long as they will work the relief committee announces they will be fed but no rations will be given to idlers.

There is a woeful lack of ambition among the local business men in reopening their stores. One grocery was opened Tuesday and its stock recovered from the ruins was soon sold out. No attempt is being made to bring in other goods for re-establishment of the stores. The first train on the Buffalo & Susquehanna railroad to pass over the scene once buried by the wreckage went on from Austin to Costello shortly before noon Tuesday. With this road opened the wreckage can be quickly removed to suitable places for burning and it will be of great assistance in clearing up the four miles of valley which is also strewn with debris.

Fixing the Responsibility.

Although District Attorney H. N. Nelson of Potter county has taken steps to hold an inquest to fix the responsibility of the Austin disaster, the people of that town generally seem slow to act in this matter and it is doubtful if any thorough investigation is ever made.

It is claimed that the Bayless company say they will rebuild the mill and dam and put Austin on its feet again if no prosecution is started and this promise is said to be holding many back in demanding a thorough investigation. Others are of the opinion that the rebuilding talk is simply a bluff to stay proceedings and demand that an investigation be made. How matters will terminate time alone will tell.

Smethport's Relief Work.

Relief of all substantial kinds has been pouring into Austin from all parts of the country until now the physical suffering has nearly passed. Nearly every city, town and hamlet has done nobly.

Smethport has done its full quota in this line and the people who have taken such an active part in this work cannot receive too much praise. Women from here went directly among the Austin sufferers and learned what was wanted and saw to it personally that their needs were supplied. A large quantity of clothing, bedding, etc., was sent from here and delivered to those who most needed it. Several hundred dollars in cash has been raised here and will be forwarded when it is needed.

PRIMARY RESULTS.

The Official Returns Make Some Changes From Ticket Given Last Week.

After nearly a full week's work for several men the vote at the primaries held a week ago last Saturday have finally been counted. It was a tedious task and the official figures were not known until Monday.

The official count makes one change in the makeup of the Republican ticket and two changes in the Democratic-Keystone combination from the names as given in our last issue. J. Emery Abbott of Bradford is the nominee for county Auditor on the Republican ticket instead of C. H. Burlingame of Smethport. On the Democratic-Keystone ticket Charles H. Gleason of Smethport is the candidate for prothonotary instead of J. R. Bates of [illegible] A. R. Cory of Keating township is the successful candidate for county commissioner instead of J. P. Rooney of Smethport.

However, Mr. Rooney has the Keystone nomination and there is a rumor to the effect that he may make the run on that ticket. J. P. Devlin is the high man on the Democratic ticket alone and as he did not enter into the Democratic - Keystone withdrawal agreement he will be the regular Democratic candidate.

We had intended to give the Democratic-Keystone vote by districts, but when it was tabulated there was so many names written in for the various offices with only a few votes that we cannot give it space. The total vote of the county is as follows:

County Treasurer.

C. R. Bagley, D. 512; K. 75—587.

[illegible] D. 275; K. 96—371.

Sheriff.

[illegible]

Prothonotary.

[illegible]

Recorder.

[illegible]

District Attorney.

[illegible]

Coroner.

[illegible] K. 11—114.

[illegible] Sherman, D. [illegible]; K. 6—26.

A. N. H[illegible], D. 19; K. 7—26.

Commissioners.

A. R. Cory, D. 396; K. 126—522.

J. P. Devlin, D. 187; K. [illegible]—187.

J. P. Rooney, D. 392; K. 72—464.

C. E. Parsons, D. 162; K. 81—241.

Auditors.

Frank Burdick, D. 649; K. 138—787.

W. I. Oviatt, D. 590; K. 130—720.

At the bottom of this page will be found the tabulated vote of the Republican county primaries, which will be interesting reading to all.

Horse for Sale.

On account of ill health, wish to dispose of my carriage horse.

C. A. BURDICK.

SHAFFER NOT GUILTY.

Three Stiff Sentences Given to Convicted Defendants.

Joe Michlicha was tried for aggravated assault and battery on Thursday and was acquitted, through lack of evidence.

W. C. Carr and Frank Bannon were acquitted of larceny charges.

The grand jury finished its labors and was discharged with the usual thanks of the court on Thursday.

The jury in the case of the Commonwealth vs. H. E. Shaffer found the defendant not guilty, but decided that he should pay the costs. The jury retired last Thursday evening at 5:30 and reported at 9:30 Friday morning. This case was tried before Judge Ormerod and aroused much interest. In a previous trial Shaffer was found guilty of embezzlement. The case was appealed to the Supreme court and a new trial was granted. Other indictments against Shaffer were quashed.

Owing to defects in the warrants and indictments in cases against J. Pito and L. D. Welch, accused of violating the pure food law in selling ice cream, were not tried. The indictments were quashed on motion of the defendants attorneys.

On a charge similar to that against Pito and Welch, B. S. Stillman was tried and the jury found the defendant not guilty, but he was ordered to pay the costs.

George Reed, accused of stealing chickens, contrary to the act of assembly, was acquitted.

William Davis, convicted of indulging in a shooting row in Port Allegany, was sentenced to pay $10, costs of prosecution and be incarcerated in the Western penitentiary for a period not to exceed three years nor less than one year.

P[illegible] Cammilo, convicted of aggravated assault and battery in the Big [illegible] district, was sentenced to pay [illegible] costs of prosecution [illegible] Western [illegible] seven years [illegible]

[illegible] convicted of slashing [illegible] This was in one [illegible] given thus as [illegible] four years [illegible] for his cowardly attack on a defenceless woman.

Frank Senzell who pleaded guilty to a charge of assault and battery, was sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution and a fine of $10, the defendant to stand committed until the costs and fine are paid.

Court adjourned Saturday morning.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

OUR FIRE ALARM.

It Still Remains a Question to be Settled by the Firemen.

The question of a suitable fire alarm for Smethport, which can be installed for the funds available for this purpose, is still an open one. At a meeting of the Smethport Fire Department last Thursday night the compressed air proposition was fully discussed and turned down. The committee was discharged and a new committe, consisting of Rev. J. F. Dugan, D. M. Cooper and E. W. Strong, appointed with instructions to look into the matter on installing a fire bell.

The principal reason that the fire department is having so much trouble in determining on a suitable fire alarm is the fact that there are not sufficient funds in sight. The borough council has contributed $150 towards an alarm, but as an up-to-date alarm of most any description costs from $500 up, it leaves a good deal to be raised by the fire department.

The only means the fire department has of raising the necessary money is by popular subscription among the taxpayers and business men of the town and the committee in charge fully realize that the expense must be kept as low as possible.

AUTOMOBILE ON FIRE.

H. H. Redfield's Car Badly Damaged Last Friday Morning.

H. H. Redfield had a narrow escape from having his big Sterns automobile together with his garage on Washington street destroyed by fire last Friday morning. As it was the automobile will be laid up for repairs the rest of the season.

In the morning Orson Still, the chauffeur, drained the carburetor, there being water in the gasoline and then started the engines. They backfired in the carburetor which set fire [illegible] and with the assistance of others [illegible] Mr. Redfield's loss [illegible] hundred dollars, is covered by insurance.

ORGANIZED AT RIDGWAY.

The Archdeaconry Hold Session, Officers Elected and Other Important Matters Discussed.

The Archdeaconry of Ridgway was organized in Grace church, Ridgway, on Wednesday. The following officers were elected: Archdeacon, Rev. W. S. Redcliffe, rector of Grace church, Ridgway; secretary, Rev. F. S. Cady, rector of St. Joseph's church, Port Allegany; treasurer G. W. Mitchell, Esq., of Smethport; Missionary committee: Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's church, Smethport; Dr. F. L. Antes, of Ridgway, and Frederick Kinie, Esq., of Kane.

Professor John Sinclair, organist and choir master of Grace church, Ridgway, read an interesting paper on church music, in which he proposed the formation of a Choir Guild, composed of such choirs of churches in the Diocese of Erie as would unite for that purpose. The bishop appointed as a committee to act in the matter, and especially to invite the co-operation of the Archdeaconry of Meadville, Prof. Sinclair, the Rev. J. M. Rich, of Punxsutawney, and Rev. C. M. Conant, of Kane.

The services and sessions of the Archdeaconry were largely attended and proved of much interest. Its next meeting will be held in January, 1912, in Port Allegany.—Kane Republican.

A FALSE REPORT.

Smethport Firemen Did Not Demand Money for Return of Trunk at Austin.

In some unaccountable way a report became current in Austin and Smethport that two Smethport firemen who had found a trunk containing many articles of value which belonged to an aged lady sufferer, had taken the trunk to her and demanded that she pay them $25 for its return.

The facts of the case are that two of our well known firemen, who were patrolling the ruins on Sunday, before the State constabulary arrived, saw two foreigners with a trunk in their possession acting suspiciously, and upon investigation found that the trunk which contained many valuables, belonged to a well-known lady of Austin. The firemen told the foreigners to take it to the lady and they replied that they did not know where to find her. They were then instructed to take the trunk to the hospital where valuable articles were being [illegible]

The foreigners started toward the hospital with their burden and [illegible] dently started the story that the Smethport firemen were demanding pay for returning the trunk.

It afterwards developed that these same foreigners and their families had been looting the ruins and, when placed under arrest and their homes searched, hundreds of dollars worth of plunder was found. So there is no question but what these firemen, by the part they took, saved this lady her trunk and valuables.

SUSPICIOUS FIRES.

Two Barns Were Burned in Port Allegany Last Week.

Port Allegany had two fires Monday, both barns belonging to the Dalrymple estate and both originating under suspicious circumstances.

The first fire started at about ten o'clock in the evening and was the Dalrymple barn on Mill street, next to the hospital. The building was practically gutted inside, although the firemen quenched the flames before it was entirely destroyed. It is practically an entire loss.

At about one o'clock in the morning the big Dalrymple barn between the bottle and window glass factories was discovered to be ablaze. It is believed to have been set afire by someone on the inside as when the flames were discovered they were bursting out of all sections and that it was impossible to extinguish them. The fire was first discovered by Mr. Carlson who was at work at the scene of the first fire, helping coil up some of the hose.

On account of the nearness of the big barn to the Allegany Window Glass factory, there was great danger of the factory catching fire, and the chief efforts of the firemen were directed toward keeping the flames from it. The roof caught afire in various places but these were speedily extinguished by the alert firemen. Luckily there was no wind or it would have been impossible to save the window glass factory and the possibilities are that the Mississippi factory and the paint factory would in that case have gone too.

The barn was totally destroyed. It was a very large and substantial structure and its value has been estimated at $2,500. It contained a hundred tons of hay and a large quantity of oats. The loss was partially covered by insurance. The contents were the property of Ed. Brown, whose loss was heavy.—Argus.

FIRE AT MT. JEWETT.

It Had a Suspicious Origin and Detective Jones is Investigating.

At an early hour Wednesday morning [illegible] was discovered [illegible] McClary & [illegible] The fire [illegible] the department [illegible]

[illegible] and R. [illegible] of Kane [illegible] store and [illegible] stock [illegible] also took out a total of [illegible] insurance with insurance companies of Mt. Jewett, Kane and Bradford, which is claimed to be several times the value of the goods in the store.

This fact, coupled with the manner in which the fire started, created considerable suspicion and on Tuesday County Detective Jones and District Attorney Mayo went up there to investigate matters. Up to this time no arrests have been made, but Detective Jones is still working on some clues he has unearthed.

Apples for Sale.

I have a quantity of excellent apples for sale at reasonable price. Inquire at my farm in Stickles Hollow.

CAROLINE WASHBURN.

Official Vote of Republican Primaries, Sept. 30, 1911

DISTRICTS.	Treasurer					Sheriff			Prothonotary		Recorder	Register	Clerk	Dist. Atty.		Coroner			Commissioners			Auditors					
	Bogard	Chatley	Gentry	Melvin	Rublin	Mangan	Peterson	Yerion	Cannon	Storaky	Choate	Eastman	Foster	Mayo	Wilson	Heard	Dalrymple	Stearman	Anderson	Marsh	Slagle	Abbey	Abbott	Burlingame	Brehmer	Greer	Otto
Annin Township	6	3	9	4	10	14	12	8	12	19	27	28	30	11	19	7	15	10	18	19	14	29	8	10	2	4	14
Bradford City, 1st Ward, 1st District	12	4	14	51	20	32	52	9	40	40	70	50	77	19	80	61	5	35	49	67	52	19	50	10	42	31	4
Bradford City, 1st Ward, 2nd District	9	4	14	44	11	31	22	14	51	25	66	66	65	29	56	51	6	23	35	54	36	13	35	11	33	15	4
Bradford City, 2nd Ward, 1st District	41	7	12	178	8	47	134	31	137	97	214	213	206	37	201	101	19	118	80	185	160	31	80	42	120	90	20
Bradford City, 2nd Ward, 2nd District	40	6	11	82	17	30	70	16	100	48	138	133	131	27	133	79	15	42	54	107	98	23	51	23	67	73	11
Bradford City, 3rd Ward, 1st District	17	11	23	79	43	41	93	13	74	90	140	139	131	24	142	74	16	74	72	120	80	20	91	22	66	53	11
Bradford City, 3rd Ward, 2nd District	24	7	32	92	10	48	77	15	99	50	122	119	116	37	121	97	11	47	61	108	76	36	108	12	48	50	8
Bradford City, 4th Ward	55	31	23	100	18	74	139	51	180	118	239	265	247	50	262	144	22	134	100	228	188	42	106	11	157	130	28
Bradford City, 5th Ward	32	7	29	104	17	56	73	26	152	29	144	144	147	51	190	79	19	78	85	111	89	35	64	32	55	81	23
Bradford City, 6th Ward	16	13	17	189	5	40	57	47	137	75	155	192	182	60	172	51	26	119	25	146	122	30	10	31	130	135	12
Bradford Township, 1st District	10	6	16	56	5	10	45	27	50	34	84	84	75	29	62	23	10	47	31	45	47	18	29	29	23	34	16
Bradford Township, 2nd District	6	0	12	27	3	0	30	8	21	16	37	38	41	12	34	22	6	15	9	39	17	14	29	7	6	11	4
Ceres Township	2	2	31	16	7	10	15	31	15	36	40	48	44	36	18	8	27	12	31	27	25	17	8	24	3	10	24
Corydon Township, 1st District	1	1	16	9	2	5	20	2	5	17	21	21	22	6	19	4	1	11	15	19	3	4	12	5	3	4	2
Corydon Township, 2nd District	5	0	1	8	0	1	10	1	1	12	41	17	12	6	6	6	0	4	5	10	4	4	9	3	1	1	0
Eldred Borough	7	2	32	14	37	31	22	37	15	76	80	81	78	42	43	12	34	38	51	34	61	29	27	14	10	27	35
Eldred Township	2	0	8	16	32	3	12	30	4	46	51	49	49	37	21	4	20	27	27	20	34	24	14	13	5	7	12
Foster Township, 1st District	4	3	6	83	3	9	27	9	22	22	42	41	40	5	42	20	2	13	28	24	26	7	12	18	23	14	2
Foster Township, 2nd District	5	11	0	10	1	4	8	7	14	9	20	22	20	4	22	10	3	9	8	13	14	4	5	3	7	10	3
Hamilton Township, 1st District	106	5	16	8	9	10	110	25	44	92	103	125	122	26	117	15	49	53	117	72	80	61	47	42	9	29	21
Hamilton Township, 2nd District	3	0	3	4	3	2	4	7	8	4	8	10	8	10	3	1	5	3	7	8	7	4	2	5	0	1	3
Hamlin Township, 1st District	3	3	16	6	30	11	47	10	0	67	55	51	52	34	33	9	32	15	46	32	18	14	12	34	7	6	17
Hamlin Township, 2nd District	0	3	27	2	7	4	40	1	9	35	30	40	35	13	24	1	15	16	30	24	4	16	5	10	7	9	7
Hamlin Township, 3rd District	5	1	12	3	8	7	17	4	6	22	27	29	27	15	14	1	10	15	26	10	9	17	8	10	3	0	6
Kane Borough, 1st Ward	48	1	23	10	19	75	7	20	27	66	85	85	84	28	60	10	25	53	58	55	47	30	32	30	11	29	10
Kane Borough, 2nd Ward	66	5	36	17	22	100	28	24	42	90	110	115	110	37	97	21	28	70	82	90	60	60	36	36	8	39	23
Kane Borough, 3rd Ward	70	5	16	12	20	94	0	25	33	97	115	110	118	34	97	17	26	73	63	53	72	50	56	29	12	32	21
Kane Borough, 4th Ward	60	0	22	7	13	65	12	32	36	61	51	55	80	21	79	10	21	25	57	65	48	42	41	17	12	18	21
Keating Township, 1st District	2	0	17	5	33	7	26	22	8	44	46	41	50	37	17	3	35	8	33	17	20	26	8	19	0	5	21
Keating Township, 2nd District	3	0	4	3	28	4	9	20	10	21	24	27	25	26	8	3	15	13	25	19	17	13	5	6	1	3	33
Keating Township, 3rd District	15	2	10	8	17	9	13	28	18	30	41	29	42	19	20	9	20	15	23	20	21	16	11	18	5	9	11
Lafayette Township, 1st District	0	0	14	1	9	4	10	7	15	0	18	19	18	14	5	3	3	12	14	18	6	9	6	4	2	4	1
Lafayette Township, 2nd District	1	0	2	3	3	3	5	0	7	2	0	0	10	4	3	2	2	5	7	7	4	2	4	3	3	3	1
Lafayette Township, 3rd District	11	4	10	3	12	7	19	8	18	20	33	34	34	25	12	6	16	14	29	34	0	5	13	11	4	15	7
Lafayette Township, 4th District	8	0	8	1	0	2	12	0	13	3	13	13	13	4	13	2	0	2	10	12	1	5	8	2	7	2	0
Lewis Run Borough	2	1	5	15	1	4	15	3	20	4	17	19	21	13	11	4	2	16	11	16	15	6	5	8	3	10	2
Liberty Township	4	1	15	5	28	9	31	10	6	40	20	25	43	28	21	3	31	7	40	26	10	35	7	0	8	10	12
Mt. Jewett Borough	15	4	24	24	35	13	75	16	28	73	91	93	93	29	91	6	24	75	88	68	39	43	23	45	10	22	22
Norwich Township, 1st District	4	2	17	3	71	19	52	23	33	59	79	70	83	78	15	9	39	17	76	42	23	51	13	39	8	9	23
Norwich Township, 2nd District	3	1	0	1	6	3	1	2	3	5	8	0	8	8	0	0	3	3	0	5	4	1	3	0	1	2	2
Otto Township, 1st District	5	2	11	4	8	0	8	6	9	21	25	27	27	22	7	20	2	8	15	10	13	6	8	6	5	12	5
Otto Township, 2nd District	4	4	0	8	0	3	2	5	7	6	10	11	10	11	2	6	4	2	6	5	4	3	3	4	2	2	3
Port Allegany Borough	25	5	18	10	51	31	59	24	29	79	100	102	97	59	49	14	49	35	79	97	19	90	30	17	9	21	35
Sergeant Township, 1st District	3	1	21	6	43	17	46	9	30	37	60	62	62	51	21	18	37	11	68	22	30	38	9	38	5	17	21
Sergeant Township, 2nd District	7	1	5	5	2	5	3	11	12	8	10	18	18	6	13	14	4	2	16	15	2	8	13	9	2	6	1
Smethport Borough	7	2	63	22	137	46	86	90	16	210	130	200	211	108	30	34	152	31	150	100	104	127	37	119	19	21	72
Wetmore Township	29	3	23	26	10	40	44	21	37	46	65	68	67	27	52	10	29	28	67	26	54	35	17	13	7	18	13
Totals	539	177	742	1124	895	1107	1703	945	1083	2116	3291	3355	3255	1366	2534	1152	977	1503	2153	2233	1904	1203	1251	931	971	1104	635

The Nihilist Lovers.

How Two Russian Exiles Found Oblivion.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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I make this record, which I have sealed, to be opened by my oldest son as soon as his mother and I shall have passed away. I have brought up my children to refrain from the slightest reference to their parents' childhood and youth, telling them that to do so would imperil their very lives. The story of how they as young people passed out of existence will therefore only be read when the narrator has passed away. I shall give no real names. I shall call myself Alexis Olizoff, which is a confession that I am a Russian. My father is a landed proprietor and, though not noble, is a gentleman. When I came to the proper age he sent me to the university, where I became intimate with the most pronounced radicals, and my father, hearing of my affiliations, took me away before I had finished my studies. When I reached home I had a long conference with him respecting my future, and it was decided that I should go to America.

The third summer after my arrival in the new world I spent a vacation at the seashore. While there a favorite lounging place with me was on the rocks directly in front of the hotel. It was a fascinating spot. Beneath me the waves kept up an incessant influx and reflux. To the left stretched a broad band of foam composed of innumerable curves, at the farther end of which the beach was broken by a rocky point. A short distance out from that point a white plume of spray kept bursting into view, fading, coming and fading again with the regularity of a revolving light.

One afternoon I was lying on my back, watching this scene, my hands under my head, one leg thrown over the other, my hat shading my eyes; indeed, my indolence in keeping with my surroundings, especially the lazy plash of the water and the effortless soaring of the gulls. Hearing a rustle of skirts behind me, I instinctively rose and held my hat in hand, waiting for a young girl who was coming to pass on. To my surprise her face indicated recognition.

"Alexis!"

"Lisa! What brings you here?"

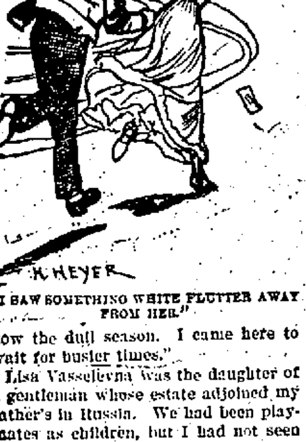
"To this particular spot? You. I saw your name on the hotel register and have been looking for you."

"But what brings you to America?"

"Oh, I read of the independence of the American women and the fields of labor open to them. I couldn't sit and twirl my thumbs waiting for my father to find a husband for me. I preferred to make a career for myself."

"But, Lisa, do you expect to make a career for yourself at a summer resort?"

"No. I have but just arrived in America and have been told that it is now the dull season. I came here to wait for busier times."



"I SAW SOMETHING WHITE FLUTTER AWAY FROM HER."

Lisa Vasselievna was the daughter of a gentleman whose estate adjoined my father's in Russia. We had been playmates as children, but I had not seen her since my departure for the university. It was natural that the meeting should bring me great pleasure. We walked down to the foot of the rocks, thence to the beach and strolled northward on the sand. Lisa told me many things of home—that my brother had gone into the army; that my sister was engaged to be married; that her father had received an appointment under the government. These bits of news she gave me as we walked side by side.

"Where are you staying?" I asked.

"At the same hotel as you. But I am going to change."

"No; I will change."

"A farmhouse will suit me better. I am without a chaperon, and a hotel is not the best place for me."

I was somewhat surprised that this independence of character which had led her to choose a field of labor should be found side by side with such deference to custom. However, the change of residence was essential and resulted in avoiding criticism, for we were constantly together. Usually in the morning we would sit on the beach looking at the bathers. In the afternoon we would go to the rocks and watch the water pour in and out of the caverns at their base. Occasionally we would take a boat with a single sail, which I could manage quite well, and skim over the ocean. Remembering the restrictions in such matters that Lisa had been used to at home, I apologized for asking her to go out thus alone with me. A curious expression crossed her face as she said:

"What have I to do with such absurdities?"

Again the inconsistency of her behavior puzzled me.

Indeed, in all things Lisa was singular. As a child she had been serious, and now that she was a woman that seriousness had deepened into—what? I could not define it. She seemed to have been lifted far above the narrow old world views among which she had been born. And yet she did not seem fitted for the humdrum existence of a working woman. She certainly was not in a hurry to set to work. If I questioned her as to her plans she would say, "Time enough for that when I have returned to the city." Indeed, I began to suspect that she had had another motive in coming to America—a love affair. She did not enjoy our meeting as I did and every day grew more and more distrait. Besides, it was plain that she was trying to conceal from me the fact that she was troubled. I sounded her as to the cause.

"Lisa," I said, "you have something on your mind."

"What makes you think so?" she asked, starting.

"Well, I have thought that perhaps there is some one in Russia—some nobleman whom you love and who loves you, but whose rank cuts you off from him."

She sighed, but did not affirm or deny my hypothesis. Her actions only confirmed me in it, for it filled the conditions. She would be likely to keep such a case hidden from the world for the sake of her lover, if not for her own. I returned the sigh, for I had dreaded this very confession. My view of the case was further confirmed by an incident that occurred soon after. We were sailing on the ocean when we were overtaken by a sudden squall. I lowered the sail as quickly as possible, leaving only a small bit of it loose for steerage. The wind struck in from the north and blew us southward along the coast. We were not only in danger of being tossed keel upward, but of striking on sunken rocks. I confess I was very much frightened. Lisa sat as calmly as if we were swinging in a hammock.

"How brave you are!" I said.

"Brave! Do you call this something to fear? There are troubles far more to be dreaded."

Fortunately the wind lulled as we were passing an inlet, and, hoisting sail, I soon made smooth water and tied up to a low wooden pier.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed as I stepped ashore.

"Why thank God?" said Lisa. "We don't know what to be thankful for. We don't thank him when some misfortune befalls us, yet it may be a blessing in disguise."

"Why, Lisa!" I exclaimed, looking at her in surprise.

"Don't mind me," she said, smiling. "Try and remember me as you knew me in school, not as I am now."

She said nothing more as we walked away toward our respective homes. Notwithstanding her seeming indifference I looked for some involuntary consciousness that she was relieved at our narrow escape from death in the sea, but if she felt it she gave no sign.

"Surely," I said to myself, "this love must have taken a strong hold of her since she doesn't care to have been saved from death."

That she suffered was plain, but how or what she suffered was a mystery. There were times when she did not appear to suffer at all, when some bright ray of hope seemed to break in upon her and lift her out of her despondency into a whirl of merriment. Once when she was in this mood I said to her:

"I know why you are happy today. You have received news of your lover. All will yet be well."

I watched her closely to observe the effect of my words, but they had no effect, at least none that I could detect. Her gay mood lasted till we parted. Then I saw tears.

"Lisa," I said, "give me your confidence; trust me."

"I cannot even trust myself," she replied and ran away.

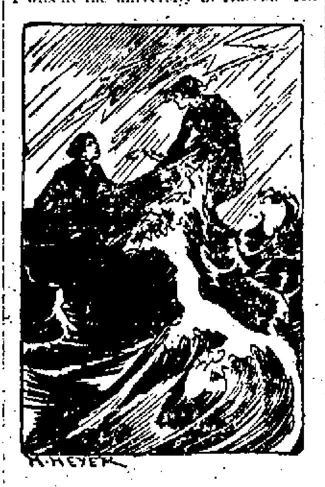
There were times when she would show a tenderness for me, which I could only account for on the ground that we were solitary companions in a foreign land. Once when we were walking on the beach by moonlight she felt for my hand and held it in hers, with her face averted. I tried to catch a glimpse of it, but without avail till she turned and looked at me as serenely as the moon was looking on the ocean.

One morning Lisa and I were walking on the beach. The wind was northerly, and, though the sky was cloudless, the air was crisp. Both felt its invigorating influence, and suddenly Lisa started to run. As she did so she took a handkerchief either from her belt or her bosom. I thought I saw something white flutter away from her and fall on the sand, but supposed it was the sunlight on the handkerchief. She was running very fast, and I had all I could do to catch her. When I did so I had forgotten to ask her if she had dropped anything.

That evening the moon, which had waned, rose late, and I concluded after leaving Lisa to go to the rocks and watch it come up out of the water. It rose with its shrunken cheek, making a trudge of lighted wave crests between me and it. I was chilled sitting still and concluded to go down on to the beach. Indeed, I missed my companion and wished to bring her nearer to me by going over the ground where we had walked during the morning. I was strolling along meditatively when I saw something white on the sand. I picked it up. It was a letter. I have strong eyes and could make out by the dim moonlight the address on the back. It was Nina Nikalovich. The Russian name naturally attracted my attention. I don't know what it was that induced me mechanically to slip the letter from its envelope. I am not used to reading other people's epistles. Perhaps it was some working of the brain in advance of logical reasoning, perhaps fate. At any rate, I did so and unfolded it. The light was not sufficient to enable me to read the finer writing within, except one word that stared me in the face—my own name.

Striking a match, I read the few lines of the letter. It informed Nina Nikalovich that during the previous spring I had been seen in Philadelphia.

Then I remembered that I had seen Lisa drop something during the morning when she was running on the beach. It must have been this letter. She had not come upon me by accident. She had been hunting for me. What for? Suddenly a scene came up before me, a scene enacted while I was at the university in Russia. All was clear. Clear? No; there must be some mistake. How could anything connect Lisa with that scene?



NIGHT FELL AND THEY WERE STILL RIDING THE WAVES.

I staggered back from the beach to some rocks and sat down. The north wind, which had chilled me before, was now not cool enough to drive the fever from my temples.

It was some time after this—it might have been five minutes, it might have been an hour—that I sat up and looked out, dazed, upon the ocean. I heard the crunching of feet on the sand. Some one was coming. I crouched in the shadow of the rocks. A figure stood between me and the shimmer on the ocean. It was Lisa. She was bent toward the beach as if looking for something.

I arose and went to her, holding out the letter.

"Here is what you are looking for," I said. "It has explained all to me. I do not blame you. I know the inexorable command under which you act. It is my life or yours. Mine it shall be."

She stood looking at me, her face dimly lighted, her garments fluttering in the wind. The moonlight made her look paler even than it was.

"You came from the circle," I said, "that I was rash enough to join when I was a student. I remember the night when after consultation with my father I told them that I was to be sent to America, and since I could not serve them there I would resign my membership. Then the chief reminded me that I could never resign. Now he sends you to kill me as a deserter."

"No," she gasped; "he has sent me to order you to kill a deserter."

I shuddered.

"Alexis," she went on, "I have not delivered the message because I could not bring myself to do so. Today I determined that I would do the work I was sent to order you to do."

"Why," I stammered—"why would you assume my burden?"

She turned and cast a glance out on the ocean, then up at the dome above as if looking for some means of escape from an inevitable doom. Then, turning to me, she said:

"Because I love you."

* * * * * * * *

Here ends the story as told by Alexis Olizoff. The residents of the place where he met Lisa tells of how one evening in face of an approaching storm two young people, Russian by birth, took a boat and pulled seaward. Night fell, and they were still riding the waves, as was seen from the shore by an occasional flash of lightning. At midnight the storm burst, and they had not returned. The next morning their boat was found bottom upward on the beach.

Neither Alexis nor Lisa were ever seen again at the resort nor in America. A month later a man, accompanied by his wife, walked into one of the villages of North Dakota and inquired where they might buy land. A farm in the vicinity being for sale, they purchased it and settled under the name of Crane. No one ever heard either husband or wife speak of their youth, their nationality or whence they came to North Dakota. All this they successfully buried in oblivion.

Recently the wife died, and the husband followed her within a few months. There seemed to be something that they had both borne together that the man could not bear alone, and this was given as the reason for his death. There is no reason now for longer keeping their secret. They were Alexis Olizoff and Lisa Vasselevna.

ECCENTRIC WAGNER.

A Glimpse of the Famous Composer In One of His Moods.

Richard Wagner, the composer, needed a good deal of managing, and Frau Cosima was always tactful, according to Judith Gautier's "Wagner at Home." When the author hesitated before accepting Wagner's invitation to an excursion she says Frau Cosima made signs to her and, coming nearer, said in a low voice: "Do not refuse, he would be angry. And let him manage it all; let him take the lead, if you do not wish to grieve him."

Later on she gives another curious scene: "Behind the house, in that court which formed a part of the garden, and from which the carriage drive started, there was a high swing, which the children were allowed to use very carefully, and with which the older people sometimes amused themselves. One day Mme. Cosima was sitting on the narrow board. Wagner offered to start the swing and give her a good flight through the air. All went well for a time, but, little by little, the motion became more rapid; higher and still higher went the swing. In vain Mme. Cosima begged for mercy. Carried away by a kind of frenzy, the master paid no attention and the incident began to have a terrifying effect.

"Cosima grew white; her hold relaxed, and she was about to fall. 'Do you not see that she is fainting?' I cried, throwing myself toward Wagner. He grew pale in his turn, and the danger was quickly averted. But, as the poor woman continued to be dizzy and trembling, the master concluded it would be wise to create a diversion. He ran rapidly toward the house, and by the aid of the shutters, the moldings and protections of the stones, he climbed nimbly up the side and, reaching the balcony of the floor above, leaped over it.

"He had obtained the desired effect, but in replacing one evil by another. Trembling with anxiety, Cosima turned to me, saying under her breath: 'Above all things, do not notice him; do not look surprised, or you can never tell where he will end.'"

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

The English Method of Dealing Out Supplies by the Week.

In the matter of small savings and watchfulness of expenditure the English housewife is ahead. For example, the English housekeeper deals out to her servants the week's allowance of sugar, rice, flour, coffee and all other household provisions that are kept in quantity, and requires an account of it all to be rendered, the thing having been brought to so fine a point that she knows the exact amount of each article requisite for her family, allowing so much to each individual and that quantity being sufficient, as she knows by experience, two ounces of tea, for instance, being regarded as a week's supply for each single individual, one-half pound of sugar, three and one-half pounds of meat for a woman and five and one-fourth for a man—facts which the housekeeper probably learned from her mother before her—knowing, moreover, the greater variety of the simpler kinds required.

All of these stores she sets down in her housekeeping book as she gives them out, and she does not fail on the next dispensing day to consult her dates and if anything be left over in the cook's hands not accounted for to subtract that from the amount to be newly issued. And in England servants expect this. So far from being indignant with it they would feel as if there were no guiding hand behind them if left undone and they given their head in an overflowing storeroom, as servants are with us.

In fact, there is no saving which the housewife across the water considers too small to practice or as beneath her dignity.—Exchange.

Sir John Rose at Great Length.

An accomplished English barrister was Sir John Karslake. In height he was six feet four inches.

A provincial newspaper in reporting a case in which he was engaged on circuit laconically described the opening for the complainant as follows:

"Sir John Karslake, as soon as the defendant's case was concluded, rose at great length to reply."

Very Simple.

"I've been working two or three evenings making an umbrella stand," says the man who has taken up arts and crafts endeavor.

"Two or three evenings!" exclaims the other man. "Why waste all that time? Why don't you lean it in a corner or stick it in the ground?"—Judge.

The Trouble.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the judge.

"This lady lawyer wants to make a motion," explained the clerk, "but her gown is too tight."—Washington Herald.

A Lesson For George.

Betty—George intends to have his own way in everything when we are married. Grace—Why are you going to marry him, then? Betty—Just to relieve his mind of a false impression.

Can You Beat It?

"I'm afraid, Tom, dear, you will find me a mine of faults. He—Darling, it shall be the sweetest labor of my life to correct them. She (flaring up)—Indeed, you shan't!—Boston Transcript.

Perseverance.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.

PROMPTING AN AUDIENCE.

English Actors Give a Signal When It's Time to Laugh.

"Nothing illustrates the difference between English and American wit more, probably, than the manner in which playwrights write their lines," said Rupert Hughes. "There are few people who realise the intricacy of the science of writing a 'laugh'—that is, a line capable of producing a laugh from an audience.

"A man may write one of the funniest lines ever given to the American stage and see it ignored by an audience because of some act on the part of the producing company or one member of that company. I have seen the wittiest remarks wasted because of the move of a hand or of the head of the comedian or actor who enunciated it. Then, again, the laugh is taken out of a line by the moving of some person in the stage setting or by the moving of some part of the stage setting itself. It is funny how the slightest move on the part of an actor, after reciting certain lines, absolutely eliminates the wit from what he has just spoken, so far as the audience is concerned.

"This is so of American audiences, but not so of the English theater going public. They will not laugh unless the witticism is finished by a nod of the head or a certain movement of the body.

"It is on this account that certain comedies, great successes in this country, are absolute failures in Great Britain," he continues. "Something must be done when a 'laugh line' is spoken on the English stage to give the audience an inkling that the witticism has been completed. Then you get your laugh.

"Not so on the contrary, with Americans. I remember of hearing of an incident involving one of Olga Nethersole's first appearances in this country. Several times during the performance the celebrated actress walked to the sides and exclaimed to the stage manager: 'What's the matter? Are they going to hiss me off? Why, they applaud before they hear the end of the lines.' In each instance she was told that the audience was quicker than the audiences to which she had been accustomed to playing. She was told the Americans grasped the meaning and the wit of her lines when she had spoken only half of them. The actress, although she received all kinds of applause during the performance, seemed disheartened."—Washington Post.

A Wig and a Tragedy.

It is just as well that our enthusiasm for oriental curiosities should be tempered by discretion. Eastern antiquities may be picturesque and with all the charm of mystery, but at the same time they may have a history that, if known, would consign them to the stove without benefit of clergy. Here is a story bearing upon the point and with its obvious moral. A young and extremely pretty girl went to a fancy dress ball in Chinese costume. The triumph of her makeup was a real oriental wig, and she wore it proudly. Some time after a strange mark appeared on her forehead, and this was treated as a trifling skin affection. But it refused to disappear; in fact, it grew larger, and then the specialist was consulted. It was leprosy.—Argonaut.

Color of Lightning.

The color of lightning is almost entirely due to the nature of the substance in its track that is made incandescent. The blue, red, purple or silver tints, which are ordinarily much more brilliantly marked in tropical countries than they ever are in this latitude, are due to the same circumstance as that which produces the color designedly communicated to the light of different kinds of fireworks. Each different foreign ingredient that floats in the air has its own proper hue, which it can communicate to the lightning. The vapor of iron has one kind of shine and the vapor of sulphur another.—Harper's Weekly.

Stolen Eloquence.

"It is better to be silent," said a prominent clergyman, "than to be eloquent by unfair means.

"There was once a divine whose good wife said to him:

"'James, dear, the Rev. Dr. Tenthly has made over $200 by the publication of a volume of sermons. You preach much better than Dr. Tenthly, dear. Why not print a few of your sermons?'

"'My love,' the man whispered hoarsely, 'they were all printed long ago.'"

A National Mistake.

"I wonder why the English people have taken the rose as their national flower?

"Why not?"

"Judging by the way their peerage hunt American fortunes, I should think a more appropriate floral emblem would be marygold."—Baltimore American.

Dad Was Horsey.

"Pa, what did Herodotus do?"

"Oh, I think he won a purse that was offered for three-year-olds once. Say, can't you quit bothering me when I'm trying to read what is going on in the world?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Great a Sacrifice.

She (weary of waiting)—If you sell t' dog, John, we could get married. He—An' wouldn't Oi look silly to sell a dog like that to be married!—London Opinion.

"It is not work that kills men—it is worry. The revolution is not what destroys machinery, but the friction."

NAPOLEON'S TAILOR.

One Man Who Dared to Disobey His Imperial Master.

The diary of Poumies de la Siboutie (born 1789, died in 1863), recently translated into English, has something about Napoleon, that remarkable man who continues to be the most interesting figure in European history. Here is one about Napoleon's carelessness in dress and what came of it:

In 1810, when Napoleon went to Compiegne to receive Marie Louise, his sister, the Princess Borghese said to him:

"Your clothes are badly cut and do not fit you. You are so obstinate about not wearing braces—your trousers always look as if they were falling off"—

"Well," answered the emperor, "what do you advise me to do about it? Can you recommend another tailor?"

"Have a talk with Constant."

Constant, the emperor's valet, was sent for and named one Leger, who was tailor to Murat, Prince Eugene, Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte. A messenger was sent to summon him, and he arrived at Compiegne the next day. From that moment he made everything Napoleon wore. He consistently ignored his imperial patron's suggestions concerning his clothes. For instance, the emperor wished the skirts of his tunics to be turned back, like those of Frederick the Great. "I should not think of allowing such a thing, sire! You would look absurd, and my reputation would be lost. The eyes of the whole world are upon your majesty, and if you were seen wearing such a uniform as you propose it would be a disadvantage to you, and I should have to bear the blame. I would not make you such a tunic if you offered me the whole of your empire."

ESKIMO SEALERS.

A Battle of Alertness Between the Hunter and His Prey.

The Eskimo method of hunting seals shows a primitive calling improved to a fine art. When a seal is discovered the direction of the wind is at once noted. Then the hunter, keeping himself to the leeward of the seal, walks up to within about a quarter of a mile of it. Beyond this he begins to crouch and advances only when the seal's head is down.

Now, as the seal is one of the most wideawake of animals and has the habit of throwing up its head quickly every few seconds to guard against danger, it follows that the Eskimo has to be extremely alert if he would get his seal. When the seal's head is down upon the ice its eyes are shut, and it is said that in these brief intervals it takes its sleep.

The hunter by carefully watching the seal's movements is able without much difficulty to get within about 200 yards of it, but at closer quarters he is obliged to employ other tactics. He lies down at full length on the ice. Then the real sport begins.

When the seal's head is down the hunter, who keeps a keen eye on his prey, is able to approach still nearer by dragging himself forward on his elbows. This maneuvering continues for some time until the distance between man and beast has been reduced to a few yards.

When near enough to make a sure shot the Eskimo takes his bow and arrow from his side and sends a swift shaft through the head of his outwitted companion. Sometimes instead of the bow and arrow a harpoon is used with equal effect.—Harper's Weekly.

The Parents' Joke.

Some parents seem unable to resist the temptation to make a joke with the Christian names of their children, says the London Chronicle. The Somerset House registers testify to the existence of a Mr. Mineral Waters, a Frosty Winter and an Alfred Days Weeks. There is something to be said in favor of naming children in the order of their arrival—Primus, Secundus, etc.—but it is unfortunate for a well known Canadian named Cumber that it should have fallen to his lot to be Quintus, for his name is always appearing in the papers as Mr. Q. Cumber.

A Boston Street.

It was one of the older conductors breaking in a new recruit who had shown that he was not particularly quick to catch an idea. The car came to Webster street, and the older conductor whispered the name to the recruit. The latter did not understand, and the conductor, losing patience, said, "Webster—Webster's dictionary." And the passengers were amazed to hear the new man bawl out, "Webster's dictionary."—Boston Post.

Yearned For Excitement.

"Yes, the great society leader is absolutely ennuied."

"Tired of everything, eh?"

"Positively. The last time I saw her she was faintly wondering in a bewildered way whether she'd better take up aviation or get a divorce."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Quick Recovery.

Miggleton—It looks like rain. Hambaugh—What looks like rain? Miggleton (taken by surprise but equal to the occasion)—A shower bath in action.—Chicago Tribune.

Enmeshed.

Maud—After all, a hammock is nothing but a net. Jack—Right! Many a girl makes a good catch in one.—Exchange.

One may ruin himself by frankness, but one surely dishonors himself by duplicity.—Vieillard.

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Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

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JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SA[illegible], Smethport, Pa.

For FIRST CLASS GROCERIES AND FRUITS Go To Brasted's

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 19, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—A New England supper at St. Luke's parish house, Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 5:30 p. m. Tickets 35 cents.

—The government has purchased a plot of ground at Ridgway for $10,000 upon which it will erect a federal building.

—The East Smethport schools are closed on account of scarlet fever, five cases being reported, but none of a serious nature.

—Enjoy a few days vacation by attending the State Baptist convention to be held in Reading, Oct. 17-19. Some excellent topics will be discussed.

—Monheimer announces in his advertisement that his store is open every evening during the week. Read his advertisement in this issue.

—Some people in this vicinity are under the impression that the open season for partridge hunting begins Oct. 15. Such is not the case. The open season of partridges and rabbits begins November 1 and ends December 15.

—DeRue Brothers' Minstrels was the attraction at the Lyceum Monday evening. A fair-sized audience witnessed the performance which was fully up to the standard. The slack wire act and the dancing were exceptionally good.

—We are indebted to "Ned" Keefe, a former Smethport boy, for an excellent postal card picture of the Austin ruins. Mr. Keefe is a telegraph operator for the Western Union and went into Austin after the flood and opened up the office there.

—The Tidioute News tells of a nature freak this week. A chestnut tree across the river on the George Siggins place, has ripe chestnuts on its lower branches, green chestnuts on its middle branches and on the top a crown of blossoms.

—S. Deiches died at his home in New York city on Tuesday of last week. He was well known in this section, having owned stores in Coudersport, Westfield, Austin, Galeton, Port Allegany and a number of other towns in this section. It is said that the Austin disaster hastened his death.

—When you pull down the town in which is your home, you are pulling down yourself, and when you build up you are building up yourself and your neighbor. Try and banish from your mind the mistaken idea that all good things are away off in some other locality. Give your town all the praise it can legitimately bear. It certainly will do you no harm and will cost you nothing; and above all patronize your home institutions—including the printing office.—Ex.

—The Potter Journal says: Dr. William S. Rumsey, well known in this county for his unfortunate insane record, committed suicide in his rooms over the Jackson dental parlors in Galeton sometime between Saturday and Monday. Not having seen him since Saturday, search was made Monday afternoon and the victim of narcotic drugs and whiskey was found with a bullet hole in his temple, a mortal wound, self-inflicted. His wife had left him some time ago and he probably saw nothing to live for.

—Baptist church services Sunday morning. Preaching at 10:30, subject "Development of Christians." Sunday school at 11:45. Evening sermon at 7:30. Subject "The Devil, a Quack Doctor." J. Booth, pastor.

—Attorney D. U. Arird of Warren has been notified that the appeal in the John M. Andrews murder case is complete, the affidavit given by the Prothonotary of the Supreme Court. Governor John K. Tener was notified last Saturday that an appeal had been granted. This stops all proceedings on the part of the Commonwealth until the Supreme Court hands down a decision. In accordance with the expectations of the counsel for the defense, the prothonotary of the Supreme court fixed the argument for the first Monday of November. Attorneys Arird and [illegible] will argue for the defense and District Attorney [illegible] and Attorney Thomas Cochran for the Commonwealth.

—Yesterday [illegible] Adams of Kane [illegible] a telephone message from St. Petersburg, Pa., stating that a number of gypsies were camping [illegible] that they had a boy in their possession that said he was from McKean county, and that they thought he answered the description of his lost son, Edward. Mr. Adams immediately came to Kane and in company with H. E. Brown, left for that place about four o'clock yesterday afternoon in Mr. Brown's car, arriving there early in the evening. They found the camp and saw the boy in question, but he was not the missing son. They started for Kane soon after, arriving here this morning at two o'clock.—Kane Republican, Monday.

—"If you would have a happy wedded life; marry in Pennsylvania." This is the advice of Judge Thomas J. Prather, of the Crawford county courts, given last week when 21 divorces were granted to as many people who have found that married life was not all that was claimed for it, far from it, and prayed the courts to have the holy contract nullified. Before announcing the long list of divorces granted, Judge Prather said: "Out of 22 cases before the court, 11 of the marriages took place outside of Pennsylvania, 10 of them in New York state, one in Michigan. In this, half of the couples either ran away and were married or preferred a little something out of the ordinary. The result is seen."

—George Stoll, aged 16, the second of those charged with participation in the burning of Zack Walker, at Coatsville, to be placed on trial, was acquitted by the jury at West Chester, Pa., last Friday afternoon. A murmur of applause greeted the announcement of the verdict which was made after the jury had deliberated for one hour and four minutes. Stoll testified in his own behalf denying that he had taken part in the lynching. Still admitted that he had been on the porch of the hospital at he time the mob was after the negro, but denied that he had entered the institution. He said he was at the scene of the burning as a spectator and left because one of his companions said the odor from the burning negro was making him ill.

MYSTERY CHAMBERS.

Famous Locked Rooms In Some of the Old British Castles.

Perhaps the most famous locked room in the world is at Glamis castle the old home of the earls of Strathmore. In this rambling pile there is supposed to be a secret chamber, access to which is known only to the Earl of Strathmore, the heir apparent and the factor. The mysterious chamber is supposed to have been, centuries ago, the repository of a grim family scandal, the nature of which could only whispered even in those wild days.

There is in Poulton Old Hall a mysterious locked room which has never been opened except by a representative of the Green family. The hall and its lands have sometimes been let, but the Green family have always retained possession of this mysterious room which is supposed to contain several relics and other family treasures. It is said that the last tenant, a prominent Mersey shipowner, would have given them an increased rent for it if he could have had access to it or could have cleared away the mysterious contents, but the owners refused to give up possession, and so the tenant left.

There is a very similar tradition at Nether Hall, the Cumberland seat of the Senhouse family. Here, as at Glamis castle, the position of the secret chamber is known only to the heir-at-law and the family solicitor. The room, it is understood, has no window and up till now has not been located by any one not in possession of the key to the mystery.

A tragic interest attaches to the ruins of Minster Lovel house, in Oxfordshire. While it was tenanted by a farmer a concealed vault was discovered, and in it was the perfect skeleton of Lord Lovel, seated at a table on which was lying an open prayer book. There were some jars and barrels which had contained food, sufficient, no doubt, to last some weeks; but, the mansion having fallen into the hands of King Henry VII., the prisoner was unable to regain his liberty. The discovery cleared up a mystery which had surrounded his fate for nearly two centuries.—Pearson's Weekly.

JUST TO MAKE SURE.

The Scheme Looked Good, but the Old Man Lacked Confidence.

Living on a plantation fifty or sixty miles out of New Orleans is an old, poker playing, chicken fighting, horse racing sportsman, who is always willing to gamble on anything and who isn't averse to gamble even when he has a shade the better of it. Not long ago a professional gambler came to him and said, "Squire, you know that Phillips man who used to play cards on the river?"

"I do."

"Well, he's showed up here with a lot of money. Now, I've got a scheme to get that money."

"Go on; you interest me."

"Well, I'll get him down here, and we'll put him into a game of poker—just the two of us and him. Then I'll cold deck him, you'll get the money, and we'll divide."

"How do you propose to do that, son?"

"Why, I'll deal him four queens, and I'll deal you four kings, and he'll bet all the money he has. All you've got to do is to keep on his bets, show your four kings when he's through, and we'll split the pile."

"You mean you'll deal him four queens and deal me four kings out of a cold deck?"

"That's it."

"All right, son, all right. But when you are dealin' them four kings to me just deal me one ace also for a sort of confidence card."—Saturday Evening Post.

Big Noses In Japan.

The nose plays a very important part in Japan, owing, probably, that a difference in noses constitutes about the only distinction between one Japanese and another. The nose is the only feature which attracts attention. As there are very few large noses to be found in Japan, a lady with a large nose is regarded as one specially gifted by nature. She is invariably a reigning beauty and the envy of her less favored sisters. In all Japanese pictures in which ladies are portrayed the artists are particularly careful to make the nose of liberal dimensions.—London Telegraph.

Sweet Child.

"Yes," said little Elsie, "mamma says she is always glad to let me come to parties at your house."

"It is very nice of your mamma to say that."

"'Cause she says you're so savin' that there's never any danger you'll give me anything that will be rich enough to hurt me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Undeveloped Sense of Humor.

"The trouble with you women," he said, "is that you have no sense of humor."

"I know it," his better half admitted. "I suppose I ought to think being married to you is a lovely joke, but I can't seem to see it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Foolishness.

"I fine you $5."

"Judge, I only sassed a policeman."

"I fine you for foolishness. When there are so many things you could have done, why did you select this?"—Washington Herald.

Making love is easier than making a fortune, but it involves greater chances.—Ring.

HIGH PRICED PEACHES.

The Ones They Had In London, Perhaps, but Not In New York.

They walked into the breakfast room at one of the big New York hotels the other day—finicky, precise and querulous. They had just returned from a tour of Europe and gave that continent the big talk at every chance.

"Have you no South African peaches?" they asked plaintively. "We have been stopping at the Savoy in London, and there were plenty of South African peaches."

The hotel manager was found. He hastened to the complaining ones. Certainly the hotel had South African peaches. They were imported especially for the hotel guests; came from the same peach orchard that the Savoy's peaches did. The faces of the traveled persons did not light up with joy and appreciation, as one would think.

"How much are they?" they asked with a singular timidity.

"Three dollars each," said the hotel manager. The traveled persons promptly protested. "But we only paid—haw—$2.50 for them at the Savoy," said they. The hotel manager expressed his regret at the overcharge. He said they might have them at the same price that they paid at the Savoy in London, and how many would they like to have?

"Haw, Alfred," said one of the plaintive traveled persons to the other plaintive traveled person, "let us have—haw—one of those dean old fawshioned breakfasts of ham and eggs."

"Right, old dear," said Alfred.

The hotel manager went away grinning softly to himself. He had never had any peaches from South Africa.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

POSTAL PUZZLES.

They Were Easy Reading For Uncle Sam's Clever Officials.

A letter with the addressee's face roughly drawn on the envelope and the words "Baltimore, Md." following wasn't too great a puzzle for the men who decipher mail addresses for Uncle Sam. The letter was sent from Clarksburg, W. Va., by J. M. Crouch. When it reached the Baltimore postoffice the postmaster said it had to be delivered. Several of the experts were puzzling over how that trick could be turned when the mail carrier in whose district a big hotel is walked up to a group around the man holding the letter and said, "Why, that's Sam Hoover, chief clerk of the —— hotel." And it was for Sam, who opened it and learned that his friend wished to engage a room for that night. When Crouch arrived at the hotel the room was ready for him.

About twenty years ago a European peasant mailed on the other side of the Atlantic a letter the envelope of which bore this sort of address:

HANS SIEGLICH.
First House in America.

It was easy for New York postoffice men, the first house in America to immigrants being Castle Garden, where they were then received. In Castle Garden Hans was found without delay.—New York Press.

Soluble Glass.

In 1818 a German professor stumbled upon the discovery of soluble glass, which he made from silica with soda and potash combined. This is now extensively used for rendering wood work incombustible and marble and plaster secure against atmospheric agents, as a vehicle for mineral colors, in a kind of fresco painting to be exposed to the weather, in the manufacture of artificial stone and in the composition of fireproof cements for stoves, etc.

About thirty years ago it was discovered that glass might be rendered exceedingly hard by dipping it in oil when at a certain degree of temperature. The particles, however, seem to be put in a state of high tension, and the whole may suddenly fly into a thousand pieces.

The Romany Rye.

The first notice of gypsies which occurs in European literature is from the pen of an Austrian monk about 1122. They are described by him in very uncomplimentary terms as "Ishmaelites and braziers, who go peddling through the wide world, having neither house nor home, cheating the people with their tricks and deceiving mankind, but not openly." Having got a bad name, they seem to have been in the middle ages treated everywhere with systematic harshness. In England the most barbarous decrees against them were issued, even as late as the days of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.—London Globe.

Well Qualified.

Father—Well, my son, you have now got your commission and are prepared to join your regiment and fight for the glory of our country. Do you think you have the necessary qualifications? Young Officer—Well, I should think so. I am the champion long distance runner of our club.—London Mail.

Virtue.

Virtue consists in making desire subordinate to duty, passion to principle. The pillars of character are moderation, temperance, chastity, simplicity, self control. Its method is self denial.

Too Risky.

"We should close our eyes to the unsightly things in life."

"Too risky. I tried that once and slipped on a banana peel."—Washington Herald.

A man should be upright, not have to be kept straight.—Marcus Aurelius.

CALLED IN THE DOCTOR.

Then He and the Patient Found They Were Two of a Kind.

In the Metropolitan theater the house physician has a seat given him for each performance. He is supposed to be there every evening. Naturally there comes a time when the play begins to pall on him. One evening not long ago the stage manager of a local playhouse rushed down the aisle to the doctor's seat and whispered: "Come back at once. The leading lady has had an attack."

In the lady's dressing room all was confusion. "What'll we do, doc?" cried the stage manager.

"Have you poured water on her head?"

"Yes, a whole bucket, out of the one that says 'Not to be used except in case of fire.'"

"Then don't pour any more. I fear you have made a fatal mistake. Run out to the drug store and get this filled."

When they had run out the lady opened her eyes. "Doc," she gasped, "you're a good fellow, ain't you? I know you know there's nothing the matter with me. I want a day off, and I don't want to go on in this act. Can you fix it?"

"I sure can," he answered, wringing her hand sympathetically. "I ain't a doctor. I came in on his ticket. We'll fix it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ARMLESS PAINTERS.

Sarah Biffen, For Instance, Who Made Remarkable Miniatures.

Miss Sarah Biffen was a conspicuous example of the skill which armless people sometimes acquire in spite of their affliction. She was miniature painter to Queen Victoria, and her work was widely known for its beauty and delicacy.

She was born without arms, but as a girl, having a great wish to become an artist, she worked earnestly for years until she could paint by holding the brush in her teeth. In 1821, according to the Raja Yoga Messenger, the judges, without any knowledge of the means she was compelled to use, awarded her the gold medal of the Society of Arts, a prize sought by hundreds of others.

M. de Mentholon and Bertram Hiles were other artists who were deprived of the use of their arms. The former had only one foot, which he used to paint with.

Mr. Hiles lost both his arms in an accident, being run over by a street car when he was only eight years old and when he was just beginning to acquire skill in drawing. He spent two years in patient toil learning to draw b holding the pencil in his teeth, at the end of which time he won a first class certificate from a local art school.

An Antidote Handy.

The woman was the author of a cookbook that had been published at her request with wide margins and occasional blank pages for notes and additional recipes. Often she had expressed a wish to see an old copy of the book and find out to what use the blank spaces had been put. One day in a secondhand bookstore her husband unearthed an old volume. Noticing that it had been annotated freely, he bought it. After a day or two he said:

"How about the notes in that cookbook? Were they interesting?"

"No," she said curtly; "they didn't amount to anything."

When he got a chance he looked through the book himself. Every note the book contained was a remedy for dyspepsia and stomach trouble.—New York Times.

A Regular Sherlock Holmes.

Under the caption "A Triumph of Sense" "Jugend" tells this story: "In the lower court of a small town in Saxony William had served faithfully and well as attendant to the presiding judge for many years without ever having received any reward aside from his legal stipend. On the day of adjournment for the season, when visitors had retired, the judge, who was also about to leave, asked, 'William, do you smoke?' Seeing a square box under the judge's arm, he answered respectfully, 'Yes, your honor.' 'I knew it by the smell of your coat,' said the judge as he walked out."

First Title of "Vanity Fair."

Brighton, England, holds memories of Thackeray. It was while staying at the Old Ship that he commenced a novel which was to be called "Pencil Sketches of English Society." One night as he was lying in bed a better title suddenly occurred to him.

"I jumped out of bed," he told Miss Perry afterward, "and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, 'Vanity Fair,' 'Vanity Fair,' 'Vanity Fair.'"

Protection.

"I understand that you don't speak to your neighbors."

"Not any more than necessary," replied Mr. Groucher. "Of course they are fine neighbors, but we also have a fine cook, and we don't care to have them get acquainted with her."—Washington Star.

Recompense.

Miss Passay—You have saved my life, young man. How can I repay you? How can I show my gratitude? Are you married? Young Man—Yes; come and be a cook for us.—Woman's Home Companion.

Chilly.

"Meet any icebergs on your way across?"

"No, but several of us tried to flirt with a Boston girl who was on board."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Egyptian Smokers and Madness.

An Egyptian smoker of hasheesh is even a more helpless slave than the Chinese opium fiend. He knows that in the end he will become a madman, yet he rushes toward the awful goal with unrelaxed speed. With the strange exaltation which first comes to the smoker he feels himself floating from cloud to cloud or alighting in the gardens of palaces all his own. Most of the hasheesh which Egypt consumes comes from Greece. From the husks of the hemp seeds and the tender tops of the hemp plant the Greeks manufacture a greenish powder whose fumes bring the ecstasy its victims desire.

Shapely Swedes.

The Swedes are probably the tallest people in Europe and have on the whole erect, handsome figures. To some extent this advantage is due to physical exercise, for Swedish gymnastics are compulsory in the elementary schools, and the system is much used in other schools and colleges.—London Telegraph.

Not Hail, but Farewell.

Raggles (cheerily)—Good mornin', boss. Farmer—It wouldn't be "Good mornin'" if I offered ye work. Raggles—Right ye are, boss; den it ud be "Good day."—Boston Transcript.

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - - - Pa.

We solicit your account.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 12, 1911.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Sheriff.

Editor Miner: Please announce to the voters of McKean county that I am the candidate for Sheriff of the county on the Democratic and Keystone parties and respectfully solicit their support at the general election to be held on Tuesday, November 7.

MATTHEW C. BAIN.

Bradford, Pa., Oct. [illegible], 1911.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Treasurer.
C. C. Melvin, 2nd, Bradford.
Sheriff.
John A. Peterson, Bradford.
Prothonotary.
B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder of Deeds.
H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register of Wills.
John B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts.
Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
District Attorney.
Thomas B. Wilson, Bradford.
Coroner.
E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County Commissioners.
A. R. Anderson, Clermont.
A. M. Marsh, Bradford.
Auditors.
A. A. Abbey, Smethport.
J. E. Abbott, Bradford.

Reports from an authentic source in Berlin last night indicate that peace between Italy and Turkey is not far off. It is even declared that an armistice has been virtually agreed upon by the belligerents through the initiative of Germany, which took the action ten days ago. Italy, according to this announcement, will early [illegible] its intention of occupying Tripoli and will continue the movement of troops in that direction pending negotiations. In the meantime, it is understood hostilities will not occur.

The postmaster general in his estimates for the next fiscal year includes an item for $150,000 for experimental parcels posts in cities and country districts and for an investigation for the establishment of a general parcels post on all railway and steamboat transportation routes. Another item is $50,000 for experimental transportation of mail by aeroplane. The total expense for the next year will be $250,938,463, the increase over last year being $2,585,740, which is the smallest annual increase on record.

The Republicans have made their choice at the primaries and generally speaking an unusually good ticket has been named and judging from present indications the entire Republican ticket will be elected on November 7. True, in some parts of the county at least voters who have been identified with other parties went into the Republican primaries and voted for men whom they thought would be easiest for their party candidates to defeat and in one or two instances they were in a measure successful in their designs. But such questionable plans seldom reap the harvest intended and we trust they will not succeed this time. The big slump in the Keystone vote in this county has greatly discouraged many aspiring candidates of that party and even among themselves they hold out little hope of success this fall. Aside from the hope that they may elect M. C. Bain on the Democratic-Keystone ticket over John A. Peterson, the Republican nominee, they have practically given up hope. And right here we wish to say that when anyone trims up John A. Peterson in the game of politics he will have to step some.

In speaking of the direct primary law the Bradford Era pertinently remarks: The direct primary is the only reasonable method of obtaining desirable results in the making of nominations—if the law regulating it be properly enforced. But, unfortunately, such enforcement, in this state, is not insisted upon. Here the primary law is violated in the most brazen manner because voters are permitted, without interference, to cast any party ballot they may ask for. The average citizen does not wish to start a row with his neighbors in a polling booth, by challenging illegal voters and the election officers, as a rule, do not feel inclined to question the honesty of any individual who asks for a certain ballot. In the registration of voters the politics of each should be designated and this should be shown in the polling lists. In registering, the voter is placed under oath and would tell the truth as to his party affiliations. This process of keeping party lines in place, should produce the desired results and at the next session of the Pennsylvania legislature it is possible that some such amendment to the registration law will be enacted. By this means the election clerks at primary polling places need not ask the voter what ballot he desires. The clerks, by turning to the lists at hand, could see plainly recorded the party to which the voter belongs and the ballot of that party could be handed to him without further formalities. Then there would be regularity in the voting. The Democrats would be prevented from butting into the making of Republican tickets and Republicans would likewise be prevented from having anything to do with Democratic [illegible] [illegible] the members of all parties.

CONDUCTOR TERRIBLY INJURED.

Floyd Greer, a W. N. Y. & P. Traction Co. Conductor Run Over by Locomotive.

A terrible accident occurred at 5:20 Monday evening, that resulted in the injury of Floyd Greer, a conductor employed by the W. N. Y. & P. Traction company. Greer is at the Bradford hospital and will probably die from his injuries, says the Bradford Star-Record.

Conductor Greer worked on a car that ran between the new Main street bridge and Clarkdale. His last trip ended last evening at 5:15 o'clock and Greer started to cross the B., R. & P. tracks to catch a car that was ready to proceed to the head of Main street. A northbound freight train was running through the railroad yards, and the gates at the Main street crossing had been lowered. Greer called to Motorman Wilcox, who was with him, to hurry across and then ran under the gates. His toe struck the end of a tie or a piece of plank and the man fell prostrate upon the railroad track.

Greer knew his peril, as he could see the monster locomotive bearing down upon him. He appeared to be incapable of motion for an instant, and just as he seemed about to make an effort to wriggle from between the rails, the locomotive pilot struck him. The wheels of the engine passed over his left leg below the knee and his [illegible] his left hand. Both members were ground to pulp. The man was rolled over under the big engine and dragged by a brake beam of a car for a distance of 10 feet before the train could be halted. His back was broken, his head terribly cut and his body bruised and lacerated.

A crowd of people who had been watching the work on the new bridge, were horrified spectators of the accident. As soon as the train was stopped a number of men ran to the car and pulled the maimed and battered man from the track. Greer was conscious and showed wonderful nerve. He talked to the men who carried him to the baggage room and appeared to realize the serious extent of his injuries.

Still's ambulance was quickly summoned and hurried the unfortunate conductor to the hospital, where he received surgical attention. But slight hope of his recovery is entertained.

Greer is 21 years of age and had been employed by the traction company but a few months. He has a wife and one child.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

The Supreme Court of the United States which met for the October term on Monday, at noon, has before it problems of vast moment to the world of Big Business. The court this year is confronted with quite a formidable number of cases, the docket indicating that there are 10 original cases to be heard and seven hundred and seventy-four cases appealed from courts below. The docket of the Supreme Court is yearly becoming more cumbersome and because of the multiplicity of causes being brought before it a new rule will be promulgated this term in order to expedite business. Heretofore the rule has been to allow attorneys to occupy two hours each in presenting their oral arguments. A majority of the lawyers who practice before the Court use all their time and, like Oliver Twist, ask for more. The new ruel will limit the time allowed to each attorney to one hour, instead of two, and the result is expected to expedite the presentation of cases and to make greater headway toward the clearance of the docket. Among the more important cases to be heard before the Supreme Court at the coming term will be the attack upon the constitutionality of the initiative and referendum of the State of Washington which was attack was instituted by the Pacific Coast Telephone Company. While apparently of a local character, this case is of wide spread interest, because the initiative and referendum has been incorporated into the statutes of at least a score of states already and others seem to be headed in that direction. The Supreme Court will also be called upon to decide several very important cases affecting railroad rates which have been appealed from the decisions of the new Court of Commerce. That tribunal has been in existence about six months, but at least a dozen of its decisions have been attacked and appeals taken to the Court of last resort.

Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey of Texas celebrated his forty-eighth birthday by announcing that he would not be a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate. His term in the United States Senate will expire March 3, 1913. Senator Bailey has been in active politics almost ever since he attained his majority. He is one of the ablest men in the Senate, a profound thinker, but also [illegible] [illegible] Senator Bailey at the [illegible] of his term in the Senate will resume the practice of law.

Among the many important measures to come before the coming session of Congress will be the annual appropriation for the care and maintenance of the rivers and harbors of the country and the continued prosecution of work upon various waterways already started and consideration of new projects for the further development of water-way transportation. In view of the importance of the subject the coming waterway conventions which will be held during this month, commencing with the Lakes-to-Gulf Deep Water-way Association, which will meet in Chicago, October 12-14, will be watched with great interest. The Atlantic Deeper Water-ways Association, which contemplates the building of an inland passage from Boston to Florida, meets in the city of Richmond, Va., Oct. 18-20, and following closely on the heels of the Richmond convention comes the Mississippi River Improvement Association which holds its 13th convention at Alton, Ill., October 25-26.

November will also be marked by a number of waterway conventions, chief of which will be the Mississippi-to-Atlantic Inland Waterway Association which meets at Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 20-23, and all these gatherings of waterway associations very fittingly will pave the way for the greatest waterway convention of them all. The National Rivers and Harbors Congress, which will meet at the New Willard Hotel in Washington, December 6, 7 and 8.

PERSONAL MENTION.

[illegible] Wolters left for his home at Olean last Friday.

Prof. C. W. Lillibridge was a Rixford business visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisset is in New York city doing her Holiday shopping.

E. W. Jones and Guy B. Mayo had business at Mt. Jewett on Tuesday.

Miss Vinnie Campbell was the guest of Eldred relatives Saturday.

H. H. Sasse and Charles McGowan returned home Friday from Austin.

Hon. Edward R. Benson of Mt. Jewett was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

G. W. Mitchell, D. M. Brasted and Warley Gifford were at Bradford on business Friday.

Mrs. S. R. Lindsley and Miss Maude Shoemaker were Bradford visitors the first of the week.

Mrs. Charles Balsey and daughter, Virginia, left for their home in Brooklyn, N. Y., Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest and Hon. Joseph W. Bouton were Austin visitors yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle, and Mr. and Mrs. James McGuire were Austin visitors Sunday.

O. H. Goodsell of Salamanca was a guest of C. D. Comes and family a few days last week.

Mrs. C. B. Dickinson returned home yesterday from a visit with relatives and friends in Paris, Canada.

Miss Ethel McAlpin of Bradford was a guest at the home of her brother, Dr. J. V. McAlpin, Sunday.

Mrs. Anna Stark, son, Roy, and daughter, Doris, are the guests of the former's son, John Stark, and family of Eldred.

Mrs. E. F. Richmond left Friday for Denver, Colo., where she will spend the winter with her son, Harry Richmond.

Mrs. O. J. Hamlin, Mrs. W. S. Palmer, Mrs. H. H. Redfield and Miss Mary Selover automobiled to Bradford Friday.

John Eagan, a former employe of this office, left Monday for Chicago and other Western cities, where he expects to remain for some time.

J. C. Backus and E. A. Hamilton returned from Detroit, Mich., Saturday where the E. M. F. Co. had been entertaining their agents for several days.

W. H. Gallup, H. H. Redfield, E. E. Heath, D. M. Brasted and R. C. Gleason had business in Warren on Tuesday. They made the trip in the former's automobile.

Mrs. William Sharp of Clearfield and Mrs. Vern Sharp and little son, Darold, of Jamestown were visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. H. E. Haley last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. D. Watkins and children who have been the guests of Mrs. Watkins' mother, Mrs. Kate Wright, left for their home in Binghamton, N. Y., Friday.

Mrs. W. D. Morey and daughter, Katherine, of Bradford are spending the week in town, before joining Mr. Morey in Elmira, N. Y., where they will make their future home, Mr. Morey having purchased a coal business there.

Courtesy In Japan.

Women are safer in the streets of Japanese cities than they are in Chicago or New York. This is the opinion of Mrs. Murray, who with her husband, the Rev. David A. Murray, has been stationed for the last eight years at Osaka, Japan. Mrs. Murray also said in addressing the Woman's Presbyterian board of missions in Chicago: "The fine courtesy shown by the Japanese to all foreigners is remarkable. I have a greater feeling of safety when in Tokyo than I have here in Chicago. During the time I have been in Japan I have never heard of a woman being molested. This can be attributed to the fact that most of the men in Japan are intelligent and well educated, men who take care that nothing shall occur to bring shame upon the nation."

An Odd Stage Lighting Effect.

A Spanish engineer has developed a new method of stage lighting in theaters by means of which the glare of the ordinary arcs and clusters is done away with. He uses an arc lamp as the ordinary source of light, but the rays, instead of falling directly on the scene, are thrown against a series of silk bands, which are unrolled and set in any position by means of pulleys. The bands serve to reflect the light and diffuse it perfectly. The devices also include a sky, formed in a quarter of a sphere lined with a dead white coating. The diffused light is thrown into this dome and gives the illusion of unlimited space.

Insurance For Air Men.

Things now move rapidly. In a conversation with a German air man I learned that he has effected as such at the rate of 20 per cent per annum an insurance on his life for ten years. Should he be killed in that time the amiable spouse will draw £5,000. She smiled contentedly as she heard him tell of the arrangement.—London Truth.

A Woman Sexton.

At the Crowland Easter vestry Miss S. J. Hill was appointed sexton at the abbey for the ensuing year, thereby continuing a remarkable family record, the office of sexton of Crowland abbey having been held by the Hill family since 1700.—London Times.

VACATION TIME

Perhaps you need a Trunk or Traveling Bag. We have the Best in the world, the celebrated Liskly Rochester Baggage, and a complete assortment of matting and rattan cases. Cool shirts and underwear; also Hosiery and Neckwear—Just received a new stock. We have six weeks yet for Straw Hat wear; a good assortment to chose from.

ONE-HALF PRICE

Great Big Reductions on all our Men's, Youths, and Boys' Summer Suits. A nice lot of them on hand, and all new this season.

We are showing quite a number of styles in Fall Hats.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House
52 54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

John B. Stetson
Soft and Stiff Hats
$3.50 to $5.00
at
H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

This Is What Hotel Men Call "A Little Mint."

MONEY MAKING

HOTEL FOR SALE.

Licensed hotel in Cuba, N. Y., on Erie and Pennsylvania railroads and macadamized state road. Profits over three thousand yearly. Twenty-five rooms, large ice house and storage, cement basement, new roof, well furnished. Price including stock of liquors and cigars, only six thousand dollars, half cash. Extraordinary opportunity owing to poor health of owner. Act quick if you expect to buy.

Herrick Agency

306 Masonic Temple. Both Phones.
OLEAN, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

STOVES

I have just received one of the most complete lines of heating stoves, large and small, ever shown in the town.

Come in and look them over, you will be sure to find just what you are looking for.

E. W. STRONG

HERALDS OF AUTUMN

are here, bearing new Fall styles in fine footwear for us and for you. We want you to drop in and try on a few pairs and see how swell and perfect fitting they are on your feet. All the latest lasts, leathers and trimmings—for men, women and children. Prices right, of course.

—AT—

ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,

Smethport. Pennsylvania.

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes

are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

—Write us for Prices—

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Clean Sweep Sale in Full Blast

Grand values Slaughtered Prices. Our entire stock of Dress Goods, Silks, Coats, Shoes, Lace Curtains, Etc., Etc.

DRESS GOODS.

Thirteen pieces in Mohair, Panama, Serges and fancies, regular price $1.25 & $1.50, clean sweep price .98

20 pieces fancy Plaid, Plain Colors Suitings and Dress Goods, regular price [illegible] clean sweep price .75

6 pieces in Brown, Blue & Green, all [illegible] .59

15 [illegible] .39

3 pieces of [illegible] Shepherd Plaid, 2 of Fancy Plaid, 1 piece of Brown Poplin, both regular price 25c [illegible] clean sweep price .19

WINTER UNDERWEAR.

Odd lot in Ladies', Misses' and boys' at .... One Third Off

LADIES' SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' fine quality Union Suits, regular price $1.25, clean sweep price .89

Ladies' Union Suits and fine Lisle Pants and Vests, regular price 50c, clean sweep price .38

EXTRA SPECIAL.

All best Calico, while it lasts 4¾c

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

Ladies' Vests and wide Knee Pants, lace bottoms.

Regular price 25c, clean sweep price .19
Regular price 20c, clean sweep price .15
Regular price 18c, clean sweep price .14
Regular price 15c, clean sweep price .11
Regular price 12½c, clean sweep price .10
Regular price 10c, clean sweep price .08

SHOES

The Shoes [illegible] carried [illegible]

Clarice Shoes, in patent leather and gun metal. You all know this well known brand. The best made. Regular price [illegible], clean sweep price $2.40

Valois: this is our best selling Shoe, made of good stock, every pair a bargain at regular price $2.50 clean sweep price $2.10

Doris Shoes. This one is a splendid wearing shoe in both patent and gun metal, regular price $2.25, clean sweep price $1.80

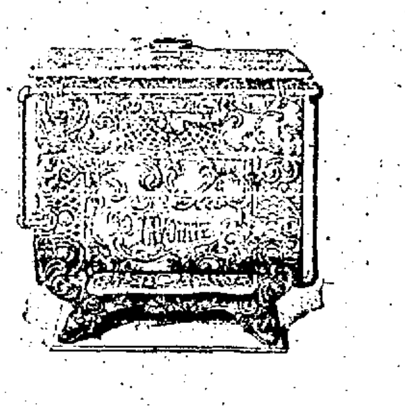
EXTRA SPECIAL.

5 pieces of good factory, 20 yards to a customer, regular price was 7c per yard .... for 6c

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and low price.

STOVES



DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 12, 1911.

—Read the new advertisement of D. M. Brasted in this issue.

—This is Columbus Day and the banks and postoffice are keeping holiday hours.

—A. B. Armstrong and M. L. Armstrong are having the fronts of their stores painted.

—W. B. Means has moved his family from his residence on Green street to the flat over his store.

—The box ball alleys have been opened in the Rubin block under the management of Claude Lyons.

—"A Pair of Country Kids" was the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum last night and drew a fair sized house.

—The ladies of St. Luke's Guild will give a Cooked Food sale Saturday, Oct. 14, at 2:30, St. Luke's parish house.

—Dr. W. A. Ostrander has moved his office from the Gleason block to his home at the corner of King and Washington streets.

—A band of gypsies, consisting of six wagon loads, were in town yesterday plying their usual vocation of fortune telling and horse trading.

—"My Cinderella Girl," a charming musical comedy dealing with college life, will be the attraction at the Bradford Theatre next Monday night.

—Moving pictures of the Austin disaster will be shown at the Star Theatre to-night. Manager Kerr is to be congratulated on getting them so soon.

—A highwayman forced W. F. Parkison, station agent for the D. A. V. & P. railroad at Warren, to hand over about $90 at the point of a revolver last Thursday night.

—The band with the DeRue Brothers' Minstrels gave concerts on the streets Tuesday afternoon and evening and were as fine a bunch of musicians as has been here in a long time.

—Mrs. A. B. Armstrong entertained a number of ladies at a 6 o'clock dinner and cards at her home on Water street last Thursday in honor of her guest, Mrs. Emma A. Sprague, of Buffalo.

—Politics are extremely lively in Bradford just now. Even the women are taking a hand in the local game which is fast reaching fever heat and nobody seems to understand his neighbor in a political sense.

—Mrs. James Lynch fell at her home in East Smethport last Friday and fractured three ribs. Medical aid was summoned and she was made as comfortable as possible but she will be laid up for some time.

—Rev. Booth of Reynoldsville has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church in this place. He was a pleasant caller at this office on Tuesday and the writer finds him to be an intelligent and entertaining talker.

—Holmes & Gilfillan are having their house on Bank street, occupied by C. H. Burlingame and family, reshingled and many other needed repairs made. C. H. Burlingame and Frank Cummings are doing the work.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning, the subject will be "The First Commandment or The Sense of Proportion." In the evening the pastor will begin a series on the life of Joseph. The first being "Aspiration, or Joseph the Dreamer."

—The managers of the DeRue Brothers' Minstrel company had a grouch while here Tuesday and there was hardly anyone with whom they had business that they did not have trouble with. We have heard of several mixups that they took part in.

—On Monday while hunting along the Allegheny river, near Turtle Point, the writer found a patch of red raspberries. Many of the berries were ripe and those we picked had as rich and delicious a flavor as any we have ever eaten. Other parties have found bunches of wild violets in bloom within the past week.

—Cards have been received in the city announcing the marriage of Mrs. Luella Mullin to Lamont Connolly, of Jamestown, N. Y. The ceremony was performed Tuesday, October 3, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Connolly of Muskogee, Okla. The bride is a former well known resident of Bradford.—Bradford Star-Record.

—A Bradford county lawyer has discovered [illegible] He [illegible] than the present Pennsylvania fish and game laws."—Ex.

—Today's Emporium Press says of a former well-known young man here: Burglars entered the clothing store of Frank Seger Monday night and carried off from 12 to 15 overcoats and as many suits, robbed the cash drawer and safe of many valuable papers, among which was a check for $100 besides insurance papers, bills of sale, etc. To this hour, Tuesday evening, no trace of the goods or thieves is found.

—About forty couples took part in having a good time at the Lemon Club dance, which was given at the Smethport Lyceum Monday evening. The hall was beautifully decorated and much credit is due the committee, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Green, for the success of this party. Excellent music was furnished by Chadwick's orchestra. The harvest luncheon was much enjoyed.

—Mildred Holland, America's greatest emotional actress, with a superb cast of seven people, in The Power Behind the Throne, is at the Grand Theatre, Bradford, this week. Besides there are two other acts and two reels of pictures each day. A matinee will be held on Saturday afternoon which is over at 4:30. The same popular prices are charged. This is an excellent opportunity for people in this vicinity to see this clever actress in this popular play.

—Len Wilson, a Bradford youth, was on a chestnutting trip Sunday and while on the Allen lease, near State Line, found a strawberry patch. Many of the berries were still green, but others were fully ripe and very palatable. Young Wilson exhibited a bunch of the berries this morning. He says that ripe strawberries so late in the season presage a hard winter. This prophesy will, of course, be taken with a grain of allowance—at least until the red squirrel and goosebone weather prognosticators are heard from.—Bradford Star-Record.

—Rev. W. A. Harris, former pastor of the M. E. church of this place, sends us a postal card on which is the following: "I am sending you this to tell you that we are appointed to Medina, N. Y., a much larger church in a town of 6,000 inhabitants—largest place in Orleans county. We greatly enjoy The Miner and I will ask you to have it sent to Medina in the future. With many kind regards, I am very sincerely yours, W. A. Harris." Rev. and Mrs. Harris have many warm friends here who will be pleased to learn of his merited promotion.

—Mrs. J. V. McAlpin entertained a number of ladies at her home on Church street last evening.

—Shortly before 7 o'clock yesterday morning the body of Charles Morgan was found in the dry kiln of the Jamestown Panel & Veneer company, situated at the rear of the factory on Steele street, by Victor Lindquist, an employe of the company. The man had been baked to death. It was evident that the man had crawled into the kiln some time during the night, had climbed to the top of the lumber pile on the truck to sleep and while sleeping had rolled off the pile and fell between the pile and the side of the kiln within a short distance of the [illegible]

—The first meeting of the Travelers' Club [illegible] Mrs. H. L. McCoy, president. She was assisted in receiving the members and their guests by Mesdames Henry Hamlin, Thomas A. Morrison, D. L. Forsythe and Waring Church. The program was in the form of a recital of Norwegian music. Those taking part were Mrs. J. Scott Walker and the Misses May Choate and Orra Gleason. Mrs. John N. Apple read several selections by Norwegian authors. Mrs. H. L. McCoy and Mrs. T. A. Morrison were elected delegates to the State Federation of Women's Clubs at Erie next week, with Mrs. Charles McKean and Mrs. W. H. Morrison as alternates. Refreshments were served and a very pleasant social hour enjoyed.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, an all wise Providence has removed from us our beloved sister, Caroline Hafner, we do bow in humble submission, knowing that He doeth all things well. We deeply mourn our loss and miss her presence with us. We tender to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy, praying that the Divine Master may comfort and sustain them in this, their great sorrow, and at last bring us all to that Haven of Rest where sorrow is unknown and parting can never come.

Resolved, that our charter be draped for thirty days and a copy of these resolutions be placed on the minutes.

MARY CALDWELL.
EDITH MOSHER.
JAMES BRAY,
Committee.

By order of the Worthy Master, L. A. Patterson, Valley Grange No. 1190.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending October 7th, 1911.

Brown, F. R.

Fontonio, Mr. Francesco Scolice.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming inplements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES. Liveryman.

Wanted.

First class cook and waitress at private dwelling. Liberal salary. Address

LOCK BOX 217,
Sept.21-tf Smethport, Pa.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Cluette Shirts

FRY & COMES

THE STORE THAT SELLS "WOOLTEX"

Store closed at 6 p. m. except Monday and Saturday on these days at 3 p. m. and 10 p. m respectively.

Furs For 1911-12

This week we place on sale a superb new stock of FUR COATS, SCARFS, and MUFFS embodying the most favored skins and the latest fashion tendencies.

In addition to Lynx, Mink, Squirrel, Pony etc. Natural Raccoon is becoming a favorite with good dressers, and some very handsome fur pieces are made from the pelts of this animal.

We buy direct from the makers and at a consequence offer you reliable furs at the lowest possible price.

Scarfs $1.50 to $37.50
Muffs $2.75 to $22.50
Coats $25.00 to $75.00

FRY & COMES

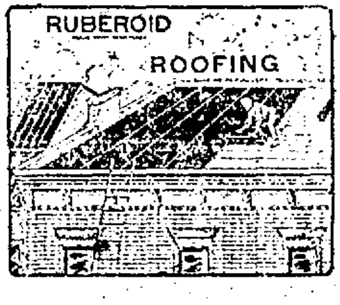
Smethport - - - - - - Penna.

A FAINTING SPELL

or when you are overcome by heat or exhaustion is when a little good whiskey or brandy shows how valuable it is as a restorative and heart stimulant. "Smelling salts" isn't "in it" with pure whiskey or brandy, such as you can always secure for medicinal purposes at

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in tour feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

KEELEY CURE

The cure that has been continuously successful for more than 32 years is worth investigating. For the drug or drink habit. Write for particulars. Only Keeley Institute in Western Penna. 4246 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Open Every Evening

until 8 o'clock, Saturday until 10 p. m. With our brightly lighted store, you can select a

"Frankel Fifteen"

as easily at night as during the day. Even if you don't buy any of these elegant tailored,

All Wool

$15.00 Suits or Overcoats, you are welcome to look.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE

GARAGE

Up-to-date; modern; fireproof.

NIGHT SERVICE

First-class mechanics only in our

REPAIR DEPARTMENT

Supplies all kinds in stock; Batteries re-charged.

Dealers in "E-M-F," "FLANDERS," "SELDEN" and "PEERLESS" Cars

FISK TIRES

BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY

Water St., - - - - Smethport, Pa.

PHONE 7 — BROWNELL'S — PHONE 7

We have just received a fresh shipment of Faxon, Williams & Faxon's cookies. Come in and try them. Once Faxons' goods, always Faxon's goods.

From now on, throughout the summmer and early fall we will have fresh green goods. Take a look at them and be convinced.

F. W. BROWNELL

You get Better Values Here

LUCKY LAST LOOK

It Preserved the Declaration of Independence In 1814.

SAVED IT FROM THE BRITISH.

The Precious Document Would Have Been In the State Department When It Was Burned but For Pleasonton's Final Glance Around the Room.

Comparatively few of the present generation know how near to being lost was once the most precious of our national documents, the Declaration of Independence. It was during the war of 1812. The Declaration of Independence hung for many years in a frame in the state department in the room then occupied by Stephen Pleasonton. Mr. Beaseley, commissary of prisoners of war in London, forwarded to the state department some London newspapers, stating that the English fleets and transports were receiving troops at Bordeaux, France, with the intention of operating against Washington and Baltimore. Soon after it was learned that the British fleet was in Chesapeake bay and that it was ascending the Patuxent. The officials and citizens of the little capital city were hourly expecting an attack.

Upon receipt of this information, which was a few days before the enemy entered Washington, Mr. Monroe, then secretary of state, James Madison being president, mounted his horse, rode to Benedict, a small village on the Patuxent, where the British forces were being landed, and climbed an eminence within a quarter of a mile of the village, in order to ascertain the strength of the enemy. Being convinced, after his inspection, that we had no force available that could successfully resist them, he sent a note to Mr. Pleasonton by a vidette, advising him to see that the best care was taken of the books and papers of the state department.

Acting at once upon this authority, Mr. Pleasonton purchased some coarse linen and had it made into bags of suitable size, in which he, assisted by others in the office, placed the books and other papers.

While engaged in this work General Armstrong, then secretary of war, passing the state department on his way to his own office, remarked that he thought they were unnecessarily alarming themselves, as he did not think the British were serious in their intentions of coming to Washington. Fortunately Mr. Pleasonton was of a different opinion and observed that it was the part of prudence to take measures to preserve these valuable papers of the revolutionary government. Had Mr. Pleasonton delayed but a few days, had he followed the advice of the secretary of war, an irreparable loss would have been sustained. For the papers which Mr. Pleasonton had placed in the coarse linen bags comprised the secret journals of congress, the [illegible] the correspondence of General Washington, his commission [illegible] of the war; the [illegible] of General Greene [illegible] as well as [illegible] from the [illegible] down to that [illegible].

Mr. Pleasonton had the bags carted to a [illegible] which he selected as a suitable depository. The mill, which was unoccupied, belonged to Edgar Patterson and was situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac, beyond the Chain Bridge, two miles above Georgetown.

The last load had left, and Mr. Pleasonton was just quitting the vacant rooms when, glancing back suddenly to see whether anything had been left behind, to his consternation he saw the Declaration of Independence, which had been overlooked, hanging upon the wall. He hastily cut it out of the frame and carried it away with the other papers.

He then began to be uneasy about the place he had chosen, for if the British took Washington, which he firmly believed they would do, and very soon, that they would in all probability detach a force for the purpose of destroying a foundry for the making of cannon and shot in the neighborhood, and, of course, would consider a grist mill too valuable a thing to be left standing in a country they meant to subdue. Mr. Pleasonton therefore visited some of the Virginia farmhouses, whose owners were only too willing to loan him wagons in which to convey the documents to Leesburg, a distance of thirty-five miles. There they were deposited in an empty house, the keys of which were given to Rev. Mr. Littlejohn, who was one of the collectors of internal revenue.

Worn out with his labors, Mr. Pleasonton states in a letter, he retired early to bed that night and slept soundly. Next morning he was informed by the people of the little tavern where he had stayed that evening that they had seen during the night, the same being the 24th of August, a large fire in the direction of Washington, which proved to be the light from the public buildings, which the enemy had set on fire and burned to the ground.

When he returned to Washington on the 26th he found the public buildings still burning and learned that the British army had evacuated the city the preceding evening in the belief that the Americans were again assembling in the rear for the purpose of cutting off their retreat.—Kansas City Times.

'Tis well said that man has no greater enemy than himself.—Firenzuola.

THE DEATH DICE.

History of an Odd Gift of the Emperor of Germany.

There is shown in the Hohenzollern museum a gift of the emperor of Germany, the "death dice," with which one of his ancestors decided a difficult case in the seventeenth century. Their history is an interesting one.

A young girl had been murdered. Suspicion fell upon two soldiers, Ralph and Alfred, who were suitors for her hand. Both the accused men denied their guilt, and even torture failed to extract a confession from either of them. Then Elector Frederick William decided to cut the knot by means of the dice box. The two soldiers should throw for their lives and the loser should be executed as the murderer. The event was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity.

Ralph had the first chance and threw sixes, the highest possible number. The dice box was then given to Alfred. He fell on his knees and prayed aloud: "Almighty God, thou knowest I am innocent. Protect me, I beseech thee!"

Then he arose to his feet and threw the dice with such force that one of them broke. The whole one showed six, the broken one also gave six on the larger portion, and the fragment split off showed one. This was a total of thirteen, one beyond Ralph's throw. The audience held its breath in amazement.

"God has spoken," cried the prince. Ralph, appalled by what he regarded as a sign from heaven, confessed his guilt and was sentenced to death.

AN ALBATROSS IN FLIGHT.

The Camera Caught a Motion the Eye Could Not Discern.

An interesting application of photography to settle a disputed point in natural history was made by a naturalist on a voyage from British Columbia to San Francisco.

A large albatross had been following the steamer and keeping pace with it for several hours, and the wonder grew among the watchers on board the ship as to how the bird was able to fly so swiftly while apparently keeping its wings extended without flapping them. As this is a common method of flight with the albatross, the explanation used to be offered that the bird took advantage of slight winds and air currents and was so able to glide upon what might be called atmospheric slopes.

As the albatross sailed alongside the ship, about fifteen feet away, the naturalist snapped his camera at it and obtained a photograph that astonished him and his fellow passengers.

The photograph revealed what no eye had caught, the wings of the albatross, each some five feet long, raised high above its back, in the act of making a downward stroke. The explanation naturally suggested was that more or less frequently the bird must have made a stroke of this kind with its wings, although the eye could not detect the motion, and that the camera chanced to be snapped at just the right moment.—Boston Globe.

Ancient Greeks Had Trades.

In the days of their greatest prosperity the Greeks probably excelled all other nations in the variety and excellence of their manufactures. Their sons were often the great scientists of their age, for Thales of Miletus, one of the "seven wise men of antiquity," was an oil merchant; Socrates was a stone mason, who like Hugh Miller, left the quarry and bench to become the teacher of nobles; Aristotle compounded drugs while trying to solve his "problems," apparently proposed by other tradesmen, artists, musicians, architects and engineers; Plato and Solon had callings as well as studies and political activities. So, too, all were soldiers, and few men in Athens failed to take their places in the phalanx or galley when Athens called on her sons to battle.—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

Liberty and Independence.

When the presidential struggle between Clay and Jackson was at its height it is related that a band of emigrants from Kentucky and the then other western states commenced to settle on the north side of the Missouri river and called their county Clay and the county seat Liberty.

At the same time another lot of emigrants from Virginia and other southern states pitched their tents on the south side of the Big Muddy and called their county Jackson and the capital Independence. And so it remains to this day. Clay stood for liberty and Jackson for independence.

The Cautious Tailor.

"Now, look here, Snipperton," pleaded Hackley, "why can't you be patient with his old bill of yours? I'm going to be married shortly to a girl who's worth her weight in gold."

"That's all right, Mr. Hackley," returned Snipperton, "but is she going to be worth my wait in gold? How much does she weigh?"—Judge.

In the Good Old Days.

Of course the old fashioned belle may have walked barefoot halfway to church to keep from spoiling her Sunday shoes, but she didn't put her coiffure in the bureau drawer when she went to bed.—Galveston News.

Another Discovery.

"Shakespeare was one of the ablest of brokers."

"How do you make that out?"

"By the number of stock quotations he furnished."—New York Times.

I call that man idle who might be better employed.—Socrates.

FOUR IN OLD PERU.

The Mystic Number About Which Centered All Their Beliefs.

The Peruvians cared nothing for any of the supposed mystic properties of either three, five or seven. To them the four was sacred, and around it they intwined the main features of all their religious ceremonies and queer beliefs. They believed the earth to be a square divided into four parts and suspended from the heavens by four cords, one at each of the four corners. All of their cities were quartered by four principal streets running from a square in the center. They held four annual feasts in honor of the moon, the "silver sister of the sun."

"To them eternity was to be divided into four periods of time, each composed of four times 4,000 years, and at the end of each of these cycles the sun was to be blotted out of existence. They prayed to the four winds, or to "ye gods that dwell at the four corners of the earth." To them the rains came from four enormous heavenly turtles that vomited dampness, and the four winds from the lungs of the four gigantic caryatids which stand at the four cardinal points of paradise. The above are but a small portion of the fours alluded to in the legends of the Incas.

OLD SAMOAN MATS.

Precious Heirlooms That Are Treasured by the Natives.

Among the curious customs of the Samoans is that of making heirlooms of mats. By some simple process of reasoning the mat has come to be identified with the family, as the hearthstone is traditionally sacred among the Saxon race.

The Samoan mats are really fine specimens of art. The people esteem them much more highly than any article of European manufacture, and the older they are the more they are regarded. Some of them have names known all over the Samoan group. The oldest is called Moe-e-Ful-Ful, or "The man that slept among the creepers." It got this title by reason of the fact that it had been hidden away for years among the creeping convolvulus that grows wild along the seashore. It is known to be 200 years old, as the names of its owners during that period can be traced.

The possession of one of these old mats gives the owner great power—in fact, it is a title deed to rank and property, from the Samoan standpoint, says Harper's Weekly. It is no matter if the mats are tattered and worn out. Their antiquity is their value, and for some of the most cherished of them large sums of money would be refused.

A Bitter Controversy.

The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy formed the subject of debate at a well known theatrical school not long ago. On both sides the orators were would be actresses, and pro and con the discussion was feminine and furious. It seemed at first that the ardent partisanship of the fair opponents would preclude the possibility of harmonious conclusion. But the last speaker, in the nervousness of her first public speech, suggested common ground.

"Ladies," she said, speaking rapidly, "I think there has been much misapprehension as to the real truth of the Baconian theory. I stand ready to show that the great plays we know so well were written not by Shakespeare or by Bacon, but by Bacon and Shakespeare in collision!"

Amid laughter and applause the debate was declared a tie.—New York Tribune.

Hired Crowns.

To economical minds there must be a certain waste implied in the making of a new crown for every queen. Yet this has been the rule. Queen Alexandra and Queen Victoria both had crowns made for them, and it was Queen Adelaide who was the first to rebel against a hired crown. "I will not wear a hired crown," she said to the minister who was discussing the matter with her. "Do you think it right I should?" "Madam, the late king (George IV.) wore one." "Well, I will not. I do not like it. I have jewels enough to make one for myself." "In that case," interposed the king, "they will have to pay for the setting." "No, no," replied Adelaide, "I will pay for it all myself." And this was the course adopted.—London Chronicle.

One Cell Animals.

Only one cell animals which have no differentiation are immortal and never grow old. Physical immortality, deathless youth, is possible, but you must be an infusorian or a yeast plant to attain it, and one wouldn't even be a clam or a jellyfish for the price. The process has no limits any more than it has beginnings. Life is just that, one-third dying that two-thirds may live, whether it be the single cell or the body.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Hampton's.

Tough Luck.

"Tough luck Jipson had."

"What happened?"

"In order to keep his cook he told her she might have the use of his touring car two afternoons a week."

"Well?"

"Yesterday she eloped with the chauffeur."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Taking Him Up.

Policeman — You've been begging. Now, you just accompany me. Organ Grinder—With pleasure, sir. What song would you like?—Pele Mele.

An act of yours is not simply the thing you do, but it is also the way you do it.—Wendell Phillips.

AN OLD GOLD BRICK

Used For Fleecing the Innocents a Generation Ago.

THE PATENT SAFE SWINDLE.

It Was a Plausible Trick That Generally Caught the Coin and Sent the Bewildered Victim Out of Town In a Hurry For Fear of Arrest.

Although the essentials of imposture retain unchanged from generation to generation, so that the rogue of today would have no trouble in recognizing his counterpart of the seventeenth century, nevertheless there are fashions in thievery, as in everything else. Old tricks are cast off like threadbare coats in favor of newer ones, and these in turn are discarded when publicity has rendered them familiar and therefore less effective, but plausibility and address are the indispensable qualities of the gentry who live by their wits.

The newest type of confidence man is the get-rich-quick individual who breathes of money and wouldn't turn his hand to a small "job." He angles for victims with new corporations and great business ventures for bait, but he is the same man who a generation ago raked in the shekels by means of the patent safe game. This game is now an outworn fashion. But it had its points.

Let us suppose a countryman, carpetbag in hand, to have alighted at the union station and set out to see the sights. Although his name is conveniently printed on the outside of his bag or set down in a legible hand on the hotel register, he is amazed to find himself hospitably greeted by an utter stranger, who knows his name and the town from which he hails. The stranger is an old friend whom the countryman is ashamed to think he cannot remember—place is the word. But the stranger is very affable and lays himself out to entertain the newcomer. They stroll about town in company, visit a bar or two, exchange reminiscences and at the end of a few hours are bosom companions. The stranger invariably pays the score, has a lordly disdain of money; good fellowship is its own reward.

The two stroll by devious ways until finally while they are walking arm in arm down a quiet bystreet the stranger's eye is caught by a curious object lying on the pavement. He pauses to examine it. It is a miniature globe about the size of a billiard ball. The stranger turns it over curiously in his fingers and finally sees that it is fitted with a small plug, which comes out under pressure. Continuing his explorations, he then unscrews the top of the plug, takes out a piece of crumpled paper, shows his dupe the empty box and throws the paper on the ground. There is a similar bit of paper in the small chamber at the end of the plug, but this the countryman does not see. The two then stroll on, discussing the mysterious ball.

Presently they come upon a worried looking man, who is studying the ground with a face the picture of despair. The roper observes him and wants to know whether he has lost something.

"Lost something, indeed!" says the man. "Why, I've lost an invention of mine that I wouldn't have taken $10,000 for. It was a patent fire safe which would save hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of papers and valuables every year. I was just on my way to Blank & Blank's, the safe manufacturers, to get one made, and here I have lost the model."

The roper is evidently much touched by the inventor's distress. He produces the wooden globe and is immediately overwhelmed with expressions of gratitude.

"But what good is that invention of yours?" asks the roper.

"Well," says the inventor with pride, "you see, it is set on props. When there is a fire all you have to do is to knock out the props and the safe rolls down an incline right out of the building as neat as you please. There's a box inside to hold the papers. There is a paper in this box right now."

At that the roper winks slyly at the farmer and whispers in his ear, "I'll make him a bet on that piece of paper."

"Come," says the roper, "that's a pretty tall yarn. I don't believe there's any paper in that ball. I'll bet there isn't a scrap of paper in it."

"I'll bet you $1,000 there's a paper in it," says the inventor, much incensed.

"I haven't that much with me," says the roper, "but I'll just bet you a hundred on it." With that he takes out a number of bills, say $50 or so, and a bank check for the other $50. To his friend the farmer he says, "Will you just lend me $50 on this check until I can get to my hotel?"

The farmer sees that his friend is sure to win. He advances the $50, when, behold, the inventor draws out the plug, removes the concealed paper from its small chamber and collects the bet. The roper is decidedly crestfallen, but while he is still lamenting his folly a policeman rushes up, charges him with gambling and makes a grab for him. Roper flees, but the farmer is caught. After protesting his innocence the farmer is allowed to depart. Still fearful of arrest, he flees the city. When he presents his check he discovers that roper, inventor and policeman are all confidence men who have enriched themselves at his expense.—Chicago Record Herald.

No harm can befall a good man whether alive or dead.—Socrates.

Gilbert Always Remembered.

This Gilbert story reaches me from an old Harrovian, says a writer in the Manchester Guardian. In 1872 the people of the town got up theatricals to raise funds for a hospital. Dr. Butler, the head master, said he would not allow the school to go unless the piece were first submitted to him. One was Gilbert's "Palace of Truth." In it is a passage in which the hero says to the heroine, "Meet me at 9 o'clock tonight outside the garden gate." Dr. Butler vetoed this and substituted, "Meet me at 3 o'clock this afternoon." This seemed to him more decorous. Some years after Gilbert was invited to the Harrow speeches. In reply to the toast of his health he said, "I am very much interested in visiting Harrow, for as far as I know it is the only place in the world where a line of mine has ever been condemned as improper." Great consternation prevailed—all the greater because no one except the speaker and one other person, who was just leaving Harrow in 1872, knew what he meant. It was not Gilbert's way to forget these things.

Somewhat Absentminded.

Some amusing glimpses of the discoverer of chloroform are given in the "Recollections of Lady Priestly," wife of Simpson's assistant at the time of the discovery. "The professor," she writes, "used to make his experiments with chloroform on us girls, and with some of the liquid just poured on a handkerchief would have half a dozen of us lying about in various stages of sleep. Our mother feared nothing and was only too delighted to sacrifice, if unavoidable, a daughter or two to science! * * * He was extremely absentminded. I remember once lunching at his house when he had just arrived from some antiquarian expedition. The butler, who had been unpacking his things, came in and said confidentially, 'Doctor, you have left all your flannel vests behind!' 'Ah! Oh!' replied Simpson, feeling himself all over. 'I've got them all on.'"—Pall Mall Gazette.

Ooping the Baby.

"At the first sign of an attempt to standardize and sterilize the babies," says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, "I organized the Fond Fathers' Oop-de-baby Association of America. For thousands of years fathers have been permitted to oop-de-baby unrestrained, and this right was one of the first rights attacked by the advocates of the automatic baby. I considered it a double blow at the baby and at the father and resented it as such. If a father may not oop his own baby, what is the world coming to? Ooping a baby is a father's greatest pleasure. It is the act of grasping the baby under the arms, tossing the baby into the air and catching it on its down trip, while the words "Oop-de-baby!" are repeated at each toss. This is repeated until the baby is hysterical or drops on the floor by accident. It is then handed to its mother."

Bones Stronger Than Oak.

The wonderful power of bone structure has been tested scientifically to show how that hollow bone bears strain. A very small bone, only one square millimeter (.00155 square inch) in diameter, will hold thirty-three pounds in suspension without breaking, while a piece of the best oak of the same thickness will hold up only twenty-two pounds. The bone is therefore half again as strong as the solid oak, thus showing that nature is economical in the weight given to bones, making them hollow and at the same time makes them stronger than if they were solid and much heavier. This principle has been recognized in mechanics, engineers using hollow steel tubes instead of solid to meet great strain.—New York World.

Tobacco In Vienna.

"They have a way of asking a stranger when he comes to Vienna," says a letter from that city, "'Who is the largest, the most reliable, the smallest, the best and the worst dealer in cigars and cigarettes in Vienna?' Of course the stranger does not know the answer, and the native tells him, triumphantly, 'The government.' The government has the monopoly, and every person employed in a tobacco shop—they call them 'trafik'—is a government employe."

Presence of Mind.

He—Our love is opposed and we are destined to be unhappy all our lives: Let's commit suicide and die together. She—All right, darling. I couldn't live without you. He—How shall we do it? She—Don't you think ice cream ptomaines would be about the quickest way?—Burlington News.

The Thing to Get At.

Chief Counsel—The first thing to do is to get at the root of this trouble. Associate Counsel—The root of the trouble is the late Mr. Bigwad's fortune. Chief Counsel—Exactly, and we must get at it.—New York Tribune.

Woman's Method.

"Mr. Floorwalker, I wish you would give me a clerk who can show me what I want!"

"And what do you want, madam?"

"How do I know until I have looked?"—Houston Post.

A Sure Way.

Ethel—Their parents made the match, I believe. Arthur—I thought they opposed it? Ethel—Yes; that's how they made it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

No, Indeed.

Just because a man wants but little here below is no sign that he has anything coming to him on high.—Galveston News.

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The Secret Wedding.

Story of a Long Delayed Honeymoon.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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"Then it is all over, Nan," said the man slowly, "and you will not marry me?"

"I am sorry, Tommy, dear, but I shall never marry any one as long as I live," she answered, with a tremulous little catch in her voice.

The man regarded her steadily. There was a troubled and thoughtful look upon his usually smiling and almost boyish face.

"Nan," he said presently, "I want to talk to you."

The girl drew her chair nearer the fireplace and shaded her face with her hand. "Yes, Tommy," she said.

"We have known each other all our lives," he began. "Why, I carried your books the very first day we went to school. You could not say my name distinctly then, Nan, so you called me 'boy,' and sometimes when I had pleased you it would be 'boy, dear.' Through all the years that have come and gone you have always been my one beautiful dream, the goal that I have ever been striving to reach."

"Don't, Tommy," the girl protested, but he continued.

"Well, I have failed. If there had been some one else, Nan, I would have taken my defeat as final, but you have never even given any one a chance."

"You have been far too good to me, Tommy, all your life," the girl interposed.

"Now, Nan," said the man quietly, "the worm is going to turn. There must be a reason, for you are not a girl of whims, and you will have to tell it to me tonight. There is nothing strange in the fact that you have never cared for any one—you who are so sweet and fine. Who could be worthy of you, Nan? But you say that you will never marry. Don't you think, then, that you owe it to me to give a reason?"

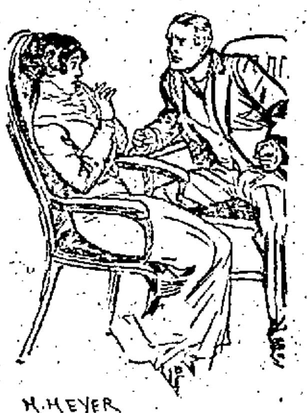
"Tommy!" she cried breathlessly.

"I must know," he reiterated.

"You shall have my confidence," she said at length, "but it must be sacred, for the story has never passed my lips before. My own father and mother do not know.

"You may remember the summer of my first long dress and pinned up hair, when I went away to visit my father's sister, and because we often speak least where we feel most deeply, so I never mentioned the name of one who made that summer the happiest I have ever known.

"One evening when the syringas were filling the room with their fragrance we sat in the twilight, my little old aunt and I, she primly erect in a straight back chair, while I played and sang the sweet old songs that she had loved in her girlhood. 'Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True,' still lay upon the piano before me when a young man, an acquaintance of my aunt, entered the room. He told me later that Douglas was his own name and that as he was passing the house my voice seemed to call to him and he had answered the call. Through all the joyful days of my visit we were inseparable companions. He told me of his father's death and of the fortune left his only son on condition that the son should not marry before his twenty-fifth year. This clause, however, was subject to change if the mother desired to alter it. Then he told me of his mother. Proud and lacking of affection she seemed to be from his unconscious description, but ambitious above all things that her son should make a name in the world."



"A MARRIAGE OF THAT KIND CAN BE ANNULLED."

"'Some day she will know you, Nan,' he would say. 'And when I have finished my college course she will change the will, and we shall be married.'

"I have never known a nature like his, strong and dominating, yet with such personal charm of manner that it never occurred to me—to dispute his word, or perhaps I had no wish to do so.

"The day came for my departure, and Douglas was also leaving for college. My aunt waved a goodby from the porch, where autumn leaves now grew in place of the syringas which had bloomed at my arrival. She was glad to have Douglas drive me to the station, and he—oh, he was desperate at the thought of parting, fearful that I might forget him, and so—and so"— Her voice broke at the recollection; then she hurried on.

"His masterfulness swept away all my objections. I could not resist the charm of his pleading. We stopped at the little white parsonage on our way to the station and—were married."

"Nan." The man cried out sharply, but she seemed not to hear.

"I was quite bewildered," she continued, "when he helped me on the train with the minister's words still sounding in my ears. For a moment we looked into each other's eyes like two frightened children, and again I searched for him through a blur of tears." She covered her face with her hands. "That was ten years ago," she whispered, "and I have never seen him since."

The man jumped to his feet and stood looking down upon her. "I do not understand," he said slowly.

She smiled, and there was a strange bitterness in Nan's sweet voice. "Do you not?" she asked. "It was very clear to me when I began to see things plainly. Carried away by the impulse of the moment, my lover regretted his rash act; also the loss of a fortune. He knew that he could rely implicitly upon my secrecy, for I was conscience stricken at the tender welcome of my father and mother as they met me at the end of my journey and rushed to my room to write a wild, frightened little note: 'Never let any one know,' I cautioned him. 'It would break my parents' hearts to learn that I had deceived them. Some day we shall be married over again. Until then never, oh, never let any one know.'

"As the days passed and no word came from Douglas I wrote again and still again until at last I came to realize the truth.

"Boy," she said softly, "you will never know how much you helped me then. Did you guess at some hidden sorrow that you were so kind?"

"Poor little girl!" the man said pityingly. "Poor little girl! And do you intend to sacrifice your life like this—faithful to the memory of a cur and a coward?"

"What else is there left for me to do, Tommy?" she asked simply.

"There must be a way of escape," he said, considering. "How old were you then, Nan?"

"Seventeen."

"And he?"

"Not quite twenty-one."

"I do not know much about these things," he said, "but I believe a marriage of that kind can be annulled."

Nan shrank back into the chair. Her eyes were wide with horror. "Oh, no," she whispered. "I could not bear the disclosure after guarding the secret for ten long years."

"You must let me tell one other person," said the man presently, "and ask his advice. I shall repeat the story without mentioning your name to Old John, who is a lawyer. If it is possible to have the marriage annulled with perfect secrecy he will know."

"I have heard you speak of this John before," she said wearily, "but this means so very much to me. Are you sure that you can trust him?"

"Trust Old John!" he exclaimed. "Why, Nan, he has been getting me out of troubles and scrapes since my first college days. 'David and Jonathan' they called us then. I would trust John with my very life—in fact, he gave it back to me one time. You remember the epidemic of typhoid that swept through our college during my freshman year. Old John was the first to succumb, and when he returned from home white and thin he found me lying isolated and sick with no money to pay for proper care, and he took me to his own rooms and nursed me there through delirium and convalescence as tenderly and as tirelessly as a mother might have done. Often in the silence of the night I would awaken to find him bending over me. Why, Nan, it was he who wrote the first rambling letters to you from my dictation, and when your answers came he would lay them upon my pillow and steal silently away.

"Care free and thoughtless, I accepted all Old John's sacrifices. The debt has always been upon one side, but if ever a time comes when I can make it up to him"— He paused, and there was a look of determination upon his face which Nan had never seen there before. "I will do it," he finished quietly.

She went to the door with him as he was leaving.

"I will call tomorrow," he said kindly, "to let you know what John advises."

When he had gone she called after him. "Tommy!" she cried. "Tommy, let us leave things as they are." But he did not hear.

She was very pale when he saw her the next afternoon.

"John says that he must question you, Nan," he told her, "and see the marriage certificate before he can form an intelligent opinion. It will be a painful experience, I know, but he is kind and thoughtful and will spare you all he can."

So she went with him to the great stone building. "I would rather be alone," she said. So he left her at the office door, which stood ajar. She looked so small and white and frightened that he came back for a moment.

"Goodby, Nan," he said again.

"Goodby, boy, dear," she answered.

A man was standing facing a window as she entered. He looked around at her approach, and Nan gave a sharp little cry. Unconsciously she spoke the well remembered name. "Douglas!" she exclaimed. "You?"

The thick dark hair was tinged with gray about the temples, and his face wore a gravely stern expression, which had given to him the name of "Old John" in his college days. But the dark eyes looking down into her own were unchanged, and the voice had the old musical sound.

"I am sorry to have startled you," he said. "Is it possible that you did not know?"

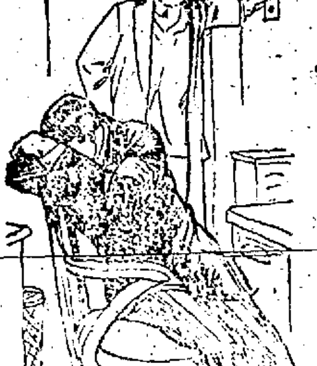
"Do you think I would be here if I had known?" she asked scornfully.

In his old masterful way the man closed the door and drew a chair forward.

"I have been told your story," he said, "and the narrator did not spare the man whom he believed to have treated you so cruelly. Poor Tom! Little did he know that the one he was accusing so unmercifully was also his best friend. He has opened my eyes, however, to the misery which youthful folly and pride can cause. But even a murderer is not condemned unheard. Will you listen to my explanation, inexcusable as it may seem?"

She nodded dumbly.

"After I had bidden you goodby at the station that memorable day I pursued my way to college and had barely arrived when your note reached me entreating silence upon the subject of our marriage. I was hot headed and angry for a few days at the thought that you had sent no kinder word, and then I was taken seriously ill and went to be cared for in my own home. I wrote to you as the fever abated, telling of my sickness and pleading for one line, but no word ever came. I have been told that you did write and can only conclude that my mother, fearing an entanglement which might cost me the fortune left by my father, had intercepted the letters and destroyed them. I hope that I am not judging wrongly." He paused for a moment. "My mother died several years ago. Well, you know the rest. When I went back to college, sick in mind and body, I met Tom. If he had mentioned me in those days he would have used my second name of John [illegible] at college. I was much with him during his illness, and in his boyish [illegible] he confided to me the one romance of his life, and as my pen formed the words of love to you I could only believe that our marriage had indeed been against your will and immediately repented. When you replied to his letters I resolved to make the only reparation possible to efface myself and await the inevitable. Well, it has come at last. Through all the years I have known of his faithfulness, and now he is to be rewarded."



TOM PRESSED THE ELECTRIC BUTTON.

The man looked at her questioningly, anxiously, but she remained silent.

"There was one other thing," he said presently. "You misjudged me regarding the fortune left me by my father. I had not fulfilled conditions, therefore had no legal right to the money, and it was otherwise disposed of."

Nan arose and hurried toward him. "You mean?" she asked breathlessly.

"That I own nothing but that which I earn," he finished.

Impulsively she held out her hands and then withdrew them. "Douglas," she whispered—"oh, Douglas!"

The man bent over her. "Nan," he said—"Nan, there was never anything that counted in the world save your happiness. You must not be sorry for me now; if you can forgive, that is all I ask."

She turned to go, then looked back at him. "Douglas," she said softly, "I am going home to think things over. Will you wait here for a message from me?"

Before he could reach the doorway she had gone. He sank into a chair before the desk and buried his face in his arms.

Lights began to appear in the streets below; office doors were closed and locked as men hurried home to greet their families. A strange silence brooded over the great building, while he still sat in darkness and alone. Brisk steps resounded along the marble passage.

"Hello, old man!" called a familiar voice, and Tom pressed the electric button as he entered.

"John," he said earnestly, "Old John, things have been pretty one sided between you and I all along, but now the scale is evening up. Nan has told me all. No one has ever had the ghost of a show with her but you. It would have been the same, I think, if there had never been a marriage certificate. Some women are made that way. She is looking for you now, John. That's her message."

The men clasped hands silently and went out into the night. At the gateway of Nan's home they parted, and as Douglas Cameron walked up the garden path the deep snow muffled his tread. A light was streaming from the window, and through the half drawn curtains he could see Nan seated at the piano.

The ten hopeless years seemed to fade as a dream that is past. Once more he heard and answered the call. "Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True," she sang. The man opened the door and went in.

BASEBALL SCORES.

Odd Way the Plays Were Recorded Back in the Sixties.

The baseball public of today, accustomed to the minute reporting of games, wherein each run is compounded and many a play analyzed, is offered the account of a game played in Syracuse in 1868. The contestants were the Central Citys of Syracuse and the Athletics of Philadelphia, and the score was 41 to 12.

The game was delayed a half hour by the difficulty in finding an umpire. Then the report goes on to state:

"The game opened loosely upon both sides, and at the end of the first innings the score stood Athletics 5, Central City 4, each side making its tallies promptly from the loose playing of the out club. After the first inning the Athletics played more carefully, while the Central Citys grew more careless until the fifth inning, when they became more demoralized than was the Union army at the battle of Bull Run.

"Considerable dissatisfaction was manifested and expressed, and in two innings rightfully so, at the evident one sided decisions of the umpire.

"We will not particularize, but suffice to say that several of the players on both sides did well, while others, especially the Central City side, were not fully up to their standard efforts. The following is the:

SCORE.

Central City.	R.	O.	Athletics.	O.	R.
Cruttenden, 3b.	1	3	Hayhurst, rf.	2	6
Porter, lf.	3	1	McBride, p.	1	7
Boswell, cf.	1	3	Radcliffe, c.	1	6
Adams, ss.	1	2	Wilkins, ss.	6	2
Dodge, p.	2	3	Fisler, 2b.	1	6
Johnson, c.	1	4	Berry, 3b.	3	5
Telford, 2b.	1	3	Cuthbert, 1b.	5	2
Yale, 1b.	0	5	Sensenderfer, cf	4	4
Sedgwick, rf.	2	3	Schaffer, lf.	4	3
Totals	12	27	Totals	27	41

RUNS IN EACH INNINGS.

Central City	4	1	0	1	1	1	0	3	1	—12
Athletics	5	7	5	1	17	6	0	0	0	—41

Fly Balls Caught—Central City: Adams, 4; Porter, 5; Johnson, 1; Cruttenden, 2; Boswell, 1—13. Athletics: Radcliffe, 4; Fisher, 1; Berry, 1; Cuthbert, 4; Sensenderfer, 3—13.

How Put Out—Central City: Fly, 13; first base, 7; second base, 1; foul bound, 4; home base, 2—27. Athletics: Fly, 13; first base, 9; second base, 1; third base, 1; home base, 2; foul bound, 2—27.

Umpire—S. E. Radcliffe, Union Baseball club, Camden, N. J.

Scorers—Porter and Brownell.

How would that go in a sporting extra today? The only familiar signs are the criticism of the umpire and the German names in the Athletic lineup.

A CRUSHING RETORT.

Mme. Songbird Paid Her Haughty Society Patron In Full.

Last year a prominent Boston society leader, in arranging a musical surprise at an elaborate dinner given to the town's elite, called on a singer of renown to engage her services for that event. It happened that the singer was naturally independent. On the other hand, the caller was notoriously haughty. As a result this was what transpired between them:

After the visitor had announced the import of her coming, the singer succinctly said she would sing one number for $200, and that it would be a Wagnerian selection.

"The price we will not haggle over," said the visitor, "but instead of that grand opera selection I want you to render one of the light and popular ditties of the day!"

"For the Wagnerian song, $200; for the popular ditty, $300," was the firm reply.

"But, madame," expostulated the society leader, "your classical song is much more exacting on your powers, so why should you charge more for the lighter and easier song?"

"Ah," replied the independent one, "the harder song is all fun to me; the easier one all work!"

So the price was fixed at $300.

Just as the haughty visitor was about to depart, she turned to the artist and said:

"Of course, I shall not expect you to mingle with my guests."

"Ah," was the biting retort, "I shall throw off $50."—*Life.*

Extremely Polite.

The forms of Mexican politeness to the stranger are sometimes embarrassing. Miss Mary Barton, who visited the country to paint landscapes and tells her experience in "Impressions of Mexico," says that "people seemed anxious to help me in all possible ways, from the railway conductor, who invited me to dine with him, to the very smart young man that I met in the postoffice when I had a number of invitations in my hand and who offered to lick the stamps for me."

Shutting Him Off.

The Dad—My son, I want to tell you that the secret of my success, as it must be of any man's, is hard work. I— The Son—Sh, dad! I don't care to hear other people's secrets, and I am too much of a gentleman to take advantage of information gained in that way. Say no more.—Toledo Blade.

Tasty Poison.

Customer—The poison may be excellent, but the rats won't take it. You'll have to make it more tasty. Druggist—I've tried that already, but the apprentice boys eat it.—Fliegende Blätter.

Plurals.

There is considerably less reason why the plural of mouse should be mice than why the plural of spouse should be spice. Any bigamist will admit as much.—Puck.

The Only Mourner.

Randall—Was Spratt a popular man?

"Popular! The only mourner at his funeral was the insurance company."—Life.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.

State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.

Auditor General—Robert K. Young.

Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.

Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwensville.

State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.

Members of Assembly—R. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. B. Benson, Mt. Jewett.

Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.

Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.

Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.

Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.

Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.

County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.

Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.

Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.

Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.

Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. S. Ahlers, Clermont; A. B. Cory, Coryville.

Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.

County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.

District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.

Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. C. Bleyer, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.

Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.

Constable—U. H. Foote.

School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.

Collector—R. C. Gleason.

Assessor—G. H. Hyde.

Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.

Judge of Election—H. S. Rublo.

Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., in Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 28, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S. Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. PAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. S.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
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CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGavern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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THE SHIP CAPTAIN

His Life Pays the Penalty if His Vessel Be Wrecked.

SAD TRAGEDIES OF THE SEA.

Brave and Skillful Mariners Who Went to Death With Heroic Calmness When Disaster Overwhelmed the Craft Committed to Their Care.

For this is the law without excuse
For all of the folk of the sea;
That [illegible] from harm,
Whatever the [illegible] may be.

There are many tragedies of the sea that the world knows very little about, or, knowing, very soon forgets. These are the tragedies of the men whose lives have been spent in the hard and exacting service which the sea demands, whose long years of toil and zeal and skill have brought the high responsibilities of command and whose careers have been cut short by the fault of an hour—yea, even by the error of a minute.

The old rubric that those who never make mistakes have had few opportunities for making them does not apply here. There is never a voyage that does not have its possibility of error, and in many of them arise the sudden emergencies which bring the acid test of presence of mind, cool judgment, expert seamanship and skill. Let these qualities fail the master mariner in his time of need, and, no matter what might have been the stress of body or brain, or of both, his professional career [illegible] if the lapse involves disaster to his ship.

There [illegible] captain Frederick Watkins. He it was who commanded the City of Paris when the old Inman liner came staggering to port with the Atlantic waves swashing about her hold and surging against her bulkheads, the result of a fog shrouded impact with an iceberg. The liner was thronged with passengers. The unforeseen danger came near to sending her and her thousand souls to the bottom, but the energy, resourcefulness and skill of her commander brought her safe to port—a deed to be long remembered.

It was remembered up to a few years ago, when a slight miscalculation on the part of Captain Watkins sent his vessel upon the Manacle rocks, on the Cornish coast. Now you may search all of the obscure places of the earth and you may not locate him.

There was the Prinzessin Victoria Luise of the Hamburg-American line, which [illegible] upon the [illegible] at Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica. The vessel was thronged with tourists, making a jaunt to the West Indies. Fortunately the sea was calm, and there was no difficulty in getting passengers ashore. When the last had been [illegible] went to [illegible] the [illegible].

[illegible] mate [illegible] on the bridge [illegible] his vessel [illegible] the Elbe went down with his ship, standing with folded arms upon the bridge as the vessel slowly sank.

One of the saddest tragedies of the sea was the wreck of the British steamship Wairarapa, which went ashore on Great Barrier Island while on a voyage from Sydney to New Zealand. As the vessel neared the entrance to the harbor of Auckland a thick fog shut in. Captain McIntosh, who commanded her, had been many years in the service of the line and was reputed to be very careful and capable, but while the steamer was groping her way through the mist it was noted that he was exceedingly nervous and depressed.

When night came the fog was so thick that the lookouts could not see half a ship's length ahead. A few minutes past midnight there was a sudden crash, which laid the steamship almost on her beam ends, disabling all of the boats on the careened side. Captain McIntosh was on the bridge at the time. A great wound which had been torn in the vessel's side showed the extent of the disaster. As soon as he realized that his ship must become a total loss the captain strode to the end of the bridge and, exclaiming "This is the last watch!" plunged overboard to his death.—Walter Scott Meriwether in Munsey's Magazine.

These Buried Treasures.

"My speech was rather lengthy, I am afraid," said the young statesman, "but I assure you that it contains numerous gems of thought."

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Growcher, "but I have never allowed myself to take the slightest interest in these stories of buried treasures."—Washington Star.

Question For Question.

Gibbs—What an aggravating habit Jones has of answering a question by asking another. Dibbs—Yes; I've noticed that. Last night I asked him if he'd lend me $5, and he replied by asking me if I took him for a darned fool.—Boston Transcript.

He is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.—Coleridge.

OBLIGING CRABS.

Present Their Claws to Fishers Who Shake Hands With Them.

Visitors in Seville see women carrying baskets full of crabs' claws. The claws are cooked, and people nibble at them more for fun than sustenance, just as Russians nibble sunflower seeds. What becomes of the rest of this crustacean, especially if he is a crawfish, of his tail?

As a matter of fact the crawfish has no part in the business. The claws are taken from a salt water crab which lives along the shores of Morocco, Spain and Portugal. Each little crab, with his one little mate, has a cave for a home, and, adopting the eastern attitude of the other sex, he usually keeps his wife shut in the cave, meanwhile staying about the threshold himself and making a brave show with his big claws.

When the tide runs out the crab fishers prowl along the beach looking for crab holes. Either the crab is stalking up and down seeking what he may devour and thus showing whether he has fine claws or he is still at home, and the size of his doorway indicates the size of the householder. In one case the fisherman cuts off his retreat by blocking his front door with mud; in the other case he digs him out. Anyway, he deprives him of his pincers and sets him at liberty to grow some more.

Right here appears the quaintest feature of the whole affair, for the pincers are not torn away from the crab at all. Instead he presents them to the fisherman, perhaps even with his compliments. It is a fact easily demonstrable that the crab can detach his claw by muscular effort, this making no [illegible] but [illegible] the [illegible] in such condition that a new claw is soon grown. The fishermen simply take the crab by the [illegible], whereupon it lets go, leaves the claw with them and scoots off home without it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

PRESSURE OF WATER.

Its Effect Upon a Corked Bottle Lowered Into Ocean Depths.

A bottle partly filled with fresh water and tightly corked can be lowered into ocean depths, and on being raised to the surface it will be discovered on opening it that the fresh water has been replaced by salt.

This really extraordinary phenomenon is explained in the following way: The pressure of water increases as the distance from the surface increases. Thus at the distance of a foot beneath the surface the pressure of the water a square inch will be about half a pound; at a distance of, say, 200 feet it will be 125 pounds to the square inch. At ocean level the pressure of the atmosphere is a little over fourteen pounds. Thus if a bottle contains [illegible] feet beneath the surface the pressure of water [illegible] ordinarily at [illegible] the pressure of [illegible] to drive the cork within the bottle, but the cork is [illegible] in position. To [illegible] the bottle it, too, [illegible] to be overcome.

The diver, varying, then, according [illegible], at some point [illegible] is the weight of water [illegible] the cork into the bottle, compressing the air before it. The salt water of the ocean mingles with the fresh water within the bottle. As the bottle again approaches the surface the air that remains within is subjected to less and less pressure till finally, now having itself a pressure greater than that of the water, it drives the cork back into position.—St. Louis Republic.

Counterfeit Detectors.

"Few men carry a bigger roll than the professional detector of counterfeits," said a receiving teller of one of the big banks recently. "Each of these counterfeit detectors has a special license from the treasury department at Washington which permits him to carry about 150 samples of counterfeit money. It is a felony to have counterfeit money in your possession without proper authority. For each bogus bill the counterfeit detector carries a genuine note of the same kind and denomination for the purposes of comparison. The total value of this good money that is carried side by side with the bad is between $10,000 and $50,000. The bills run from a dollar up to $1,000 in denomination."—New York Sun.

The Solar Plexus.

The Scriptural expression "bowels of compassion" is justified by the discoveries of modern science. Whenever anything affects our nerves we feel it more or less in our "innards." It is the solar plexus which is concerned in such emotionalism. Of course in itself it cannot feel, but it sends messages to the brain, which interprets them as coming from there. The solar plexus is a mass of nerves and nerve structures in the abdomen at the back of the stomach.—New York Tribune.

Her Great Love.

"Could you love me, darling?" he whispered, with a tender, pleading look in his eyes, "if I had only the one coat to my back?"

"I could," she replied softly as she nestled in his great strong arms, "if I knew you had sacrificed the others to buy me a new dress."—London Mail.

Different From Wall Street.

Wise Guy—Speculating in stocks is nothing but "fisherman's luck." Shorn Lamb—Hardly that. I've sometimes gone fishing and succeeded in saving my bait.—Chicago News.

SECRET SOCIETIES

The Earliest Ones Had Strenuous Initiation Rites.

SEVERE TESTS OF COURAGE.

The Egyptians Subjected Candidates to a Threefold Trial by Fire, by Water and by Air—The Order of Assassins and Their Sham Paradise.

Among primitive communities in which might is right and the tyranny of superstition is absolute minorities have always been treated with scant consideration, and overt dissent from the opinions of the majority had a tendency to militate against the survival of the dissenter. Liberty of thought and action, qualified only by the rights of others, is a comparatively late growth. But thought dies hard, and when denied open expression lives in secret imparted to a few chosen associates until the times are ripe for it to be divulged. Thus a few thinkers and their disciples would band themselves together into a secret society, and the instinct of self preservation would cause them to guard against their secret being revealed to the uninitiated.

The earliest secret societies were religious rather than political. In the mysteries of Persia, India and Egypt an inner ring of priests formed an exclusive association whose members gradually became the repositories of the bulk of the learning of the community. Severe tests of courage and nerve were imposed upon all applicants for admission [illegible]. The Egyptian candidate was [illegible] down a deep shaft in one of the pyramids and subjected to a threefold trial by fire, by water and by air.

He had to walk across a grating of redhot iron bars, with narrow interstices whereon he might tread in safety, to swim a wide and dark channel communicating with the Nile and to hang suspended by two iron rings over an abyss in the blast of two swiftly revolving wheels. Even then he had to undergo prolonged fasting and silence and to take an oath of secrecy ere his initiation was complete. A secret brotherhood of nobles, partly religious and partly political, which aimed at the concentration of knowledge and power in the hands of its members, was established by Pythagoras at Crotona in the south of Italy. For a time it succeeded in gaining the supreme direction of affairs, but after the Sybarites had succumbed to the Spartan discipline of the order it was [illegible] ed by a rising of the discontented.

During the middle ages the [illegible] condition of many countries [illegible] was especially favorable to the growth of secret societies. Toward the end of the eleventh century Hassan [illegible] Sabah, a Mohammedan [illegible] who had been a fellow student with Omar Khayyam and Nizam-ul-Mulk, [illegible] founded the sect of the Assassins. It is still a moot point whether the word which their evil deeds have given a permanent place in the languages of Europe as a synonym for murderers be derived from the founder's name or from the intoxicant hashish wherewith they were wont to fuddle their brains to a pitch of sudden frenzy. The Venetian traveler Marco Polo tells of an ingenious plan adopted by their chieftain to insure the unquestioning devotion of his dupes. This was no less than the creation of a sham paradise with luxurious gardens, rivers of honey and wine and houris, all complete. Thither the man selected for any dangerous exploit was transported in a state of intoxication and on his return was told that he had been given a foretaste of his life after death.

The terror of their name soon spread through Europe. No potentate was safe from the vengeance of a sect which regarded death in the execution of their lord's decrees as the gate of paradise. King Philip Augustus of France, contemporary and foe of Richard Coeur de Lion, having incurred their enmity, was so afraid of them that he dared not stir abroad without his guards around him, and perhaps his fear appeased the ruthless sheik, for their plans rarely miscarried. The order was ultimately crushed in 1250 by an irruption of Mongols under Hulaku Khan.

In Germany the violence and anarchy that prevailed after the outlawry of Henry the Lion, when every petty baron tyrannized without let or hindrance over all whom his power could reach, led to the institution of a very different secret society, whose functions were purely judicial. The "vehmgericht" was an attempt to check the license of the feudal lords and to secure the due chastisement of crime. It was the proud boast of this court that it judged in secret and punished in secret. Every member was sworn to reveal all crimes that came to his notice, even if committed by those nearest and dearest to him; hence it became a maxim of the jurists of the time, "Non frater a fratre, non hospes ab hospite, tutus." The sentence of the court involved outlawry, degradation and death; the condemned was declared "vehmbar" and was relentlessly pursued by at least 100,000 daggers.—London Globe.

Soured.

"I'm just crazy to play golf," said the enthusiastic summer girl.

"Most people are," muttered the mere man who had no ambition even partly to fill the presidential chair.—Chicago News.

THE COWBOY'S TICKETS.

They Were Good on the Train, but Only For a Little While.

A bunch of old time traveling men were visiting at a Topeka hotel, and talk turned on to courageous conductors "I have known."

A story was told on John Becker, for years a conductor on the Santa Fe. He was practically awarded the palm for being the bravest "con" who ever set foot on a through Kansas train in the old and perilous days.

One day, just after the Santa Fe train had left Dodge City, Becker passed through the car to take up the pasteboards. Two cowboys had boarded the train at Dodge, and Becker went up to them and said, "Tickets, please."

For an answer the cowboys whipped out big revolvers—the Colt's blue steel brand, 44 caliber—and replied:

"Here they are!"

"They're good," said Becker quickly, with a deprecatory wave of his hand, and he passed on through the car. The cowboys chucked their "irons" back into their holsters and settled back comfortably, thinking that the train was theirs.

Becker walked on back to his little wardrobe at the front end of the next car and, unlocking it, took out a sawed off double barreled shotgun loaded with slugs. He cocked both hammers—for it was before the hammerless automatic days—and, getting the gun properly placed in front of him, he marched back into the car where the cowboys were.

He stepped briskly in front of them and shoved the big gun into their faces, holding it at such an angle that a shot would have swept off the heads of both.

Then he said again, gently, "Your tickets, please."

The hands of the cowboys twitched convulsively toward their pockets, and Becker interjected: "Give me those tickets, please, that have handles and shove 'em at me with the handles toward me—toward me, understand?" he added, bearing down hard with the emphasis on "me."

The tickets came across with the handles in the requested direction.

"Now, dig up the coin," he demanded, "to the next station where we stop."

They dug.

"Now, at the next station you fellows unload. Understand?" The sawed off was still at a dangerous location and the hammers still up.

The cowboys nodded vigorously in the affirmative, and they unloaded quickly and without words at the next stop.

Becker made no fuss over the matter; didn't talk about it at all. He just accepted it as part of the day's business and seemed to see nothing in it that was extraordinary.—Kansas City Journal.

[illegible] on Mountains.

An extremely [illegible] example of the way in which [illegible] on a single [illegible] the earth's climates, arranged in successively higher [illegible] has been found in the San Francisco peaks. These mountains [illegible] of a plateau having a height of over 7,000 feet above sea level.

The peaks are [illegible] with a [illegible] of vegetation which [illegible] almost like contour lines [illegible]. Between [illegible] and 8,200 feet the yellow pine is the dominant tree. From 8,200 to [illegible] feet the Douglas fir, the silver fir, the cork fir and the aspen share the available ground. Between 10,000 and 11,500 feet the Engelmann spruce and the foxtail pine take possession and ascend to the tree limit.—Scientific American.

Misleading Book Titles.

Some book titles are distinctly misleading. Ruskin's "On the Construction of Sheepfolds" is a famous example of these, and there are others. Mr. Henry James' novel "The Lesson of the Master" has more than once been catalogued as a religious work. The same fate befell Sir Edward Hamilton's "Conversion and Redemption," a highly technical study of schemes for the reduction of the national debt. "Disloyala; or, The Doubtful Priest," was the title originally selected by Shorthouse for the book we now know as "John Inglesant." It was pointed out to him that such a title would lead people to regard it as an attack on Roman Catholicism, and this induced him to change it.—London Chronicle.

How an Ostrich Shows Temper.

When annoyed or angered by the approach of a human being, says a writer in the Strand Magazine, the male ostrich slightly arches his neck, and, drawing in a big breath, he blows out his neck and issues a three note defiance ("bo-bo-bo-o-b"). It is in the last prolonged note that his neck swells out so abnormally. The hen bird never "drums," as the natives term it, though I have heard of one that tried very hard to ape the male, but the result was ghastly failure.

His Achievements.

"After I am gone," he complained, "people will begin to notice what I have done."

"Well," his wife sadly replied, "if they do it won't take them long."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Shrewd Woman.

Howard—I can't get my wife to pay her bills by check. Edward—Why not? Howard—She says that she won't have the horrid bank people know what everything costs her.—Judge.

Such help as we can give each other in this world is a debt we owe each other.—Ruskin.

WEIGHED THE ELEPHANT.

A Problem Which a Hindu Prince Was Able to Solve.

There is a story often told in India of Shajee, a Hindu prince, who on a certain occasion showed himself almost as clever as Archimedes.

A high official had made a vow that he would distribute to the poor the weight of his own elephant in silver money. But the great difficulty that at first presented itself was the mode of ascertaining what this weight really was. All the learned and clever men of the court seemed to have endeavored in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the elephant.

At length Shajee came forward and suggested a plan which was simple and yet ingenious in the highest degree. He caused the unwieldy animal to be conducted along a stage specially made for the purpose by the waterside into a flat bottomed boat. Then, having marked on the boat the height to which the water reached after the elephant had weighed it down, the latter was taken out and stones substituted in sufficient quantity to hold the boat to the same line. The stones were then taken to the scales, and thus, to the amazement of the court, was ascertained the true weight of the elephant.—Exchange.

FIGHTING FISH.

In the Rage of Battle They Turn From Dull to Brilliant Colors.

In the gardens of Singapore it is the custom to stock the ponds with all manner of queer fishes, many of them of the fighting variety so dear to the heart of the orientals. This species of fish is so combative that it is only necessary to place two of them near each other, like fighting cocks, and perhaps to irritate them a little to bring on a lively conflict.

They at once charge each other with fins erect, at the same time changing color in their excitement from the dullest of gray greens to brilliant reds and blues. Indeed, confinement in close quarters is not needed to arouse their combative propensities.

Place two glass jars close together, with one of these fighting fish in each and they will at once swim round and endeavor to charge each other through the interposed glass.

Even a single fish seeing himself reflected in a mirror will dart at his own image and, irritated all the more by his failure to reach his supposed enemy, will assume the most brilliant hues. Seeing his reflected antagonist do the same, he will redouble his efforts to reach him.—Exchange.

Photographs For Lawsuits.

One call for services a professional photographer dislikes above all others and that is to get an order for a picture that is to be used as evidence in a lawsuit. The photographers who are [illegible] for this purpose are the [illegible], those who make a specialty of [illegible]. When [illegible] wants photographic evidence he is [illegible] to remember the name of some firm of professionals that he has seen often in print and asks them to do the job.

"We wouldn't mind that sort of work so much if taking the picture was all that there was to it," said one of these picture men. "We get $3 or $5 for the picture. Later we get a subpoena, and we have to send to court the man that took it, to swear that he recognizes his work, that he took the picture, that he never was arrested and a lot of other fool stuff that uses up a day's time. Therefore we never touch such a job knowingly."—New York Sun.

A Curious Locomotive.

The Darjeeling-Himalayas railway is one of the most curious in the world. It is of two foot gauge and on account of the steepness is full of loops, curves and spirals, many of the curves having only seventy feet radius. Some of the gradients are as high as one foot in twenty-eight. A special type of locomotive, the Garratt, had to be made for it at Manchester. This locomotive was required by the specifications to be able to travel on reverse curves not exceeding sixty feet radius, with only twenty feet of length of tangent between the curves. The engine consists of a frame supported at each end by four wheeled bogies, each of which is described as a miniature locomotive without boiler. The boiler is carried on the frame between the bogies.—Youth's Companion.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the Estate of Wm. B. Dutcher, deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County, Pa., upon the estate of Wm. B. Dutcher, late of Hamlin Township, in said County, deceased, to Sheridan Gorton, of Smethport Borough, McKean County, Pa., and all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay, and all persons who have lawful claims against the same are required to make the same known without delay to the undersigned.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator,
Smethport, Pa.

September 12th, 1911.—6t

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six of article five be amended, by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the County of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and co-ordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such manner as shall be provided by rules of the court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the County of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

A true copy of Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

[illegible] amendment to section [illegible] of the Constitution [illegible] the [illegible] of Philadelphia [illegible] in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment to Article Nine, Section Eight.

Section 1. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation," so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the costruction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.